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Agricultural.

THE ST. CLAIR SALE OF SHORT-HORNS.

The public sale of a selection of Short-horns from the herd of Mr. C. F. Moore, of St. Clair, brought together quite a large number of stock men from various parts of the State. Parties were present from Shawansee, Genesee, Oakland, Livingston, and other counties. The sale was held at the residence of Mr. C. F. Moore, on the 10th inst. The sale was very successful, and the prices were well maintained. The following are the results of the sale:

Tea Rose 7th (Tea Rose), J. H. Bryce, Port Huron, \$110.
Tea Rose 9th (Tea Rose), John P. Sanborn, Port Huron, \$80.
Tea Rose 12th (Tea Rose), John P. Sanborn, Port Huron, \$105.
Tea Rose 13th (Tea Rose), John Brakeman, China, \$100.
Tea Rose 17th (Tea Rose), John Brakeman, China, \$100.
Tea Rose 18th (Tea Rose), J. B. Eldridge, St. Clair, \$100.
Tea Rose 19th (Tea Rose), Radetke Brothers, St. Clair, \$100.
Tea Rose 20th (Tea Rose), John P. Sanborn, Port Huron, \$100.
Victoria of Oakland 2d (Victoria), John P. Sanborn, Port Huron, \$110.
Victoria of St. Clair (Victoria), Wm. Grahn, Rochester, \$100.
Leo Belle Barrington (Young Mary) W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw, \$105.
Kirklevington of St. Clair (Kirklevington), John P. Sanborn, Port Huron, \$115.
Kirklevington of St. Clair 2d (Kirklevington), W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw, \$115.
Kirklevington of St. Clair 3d (Kirklevington), W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw, \$110.
Bazel Bird (Hippa), Radetke Bros., St. Clair, \$80.
Bazel Bird (Hippa), T. L. Kemp, St. Clair, \$55.
Miss Wiley (Miss Wiley), John Brakeman, China, \$80.
Miss Wiley (Miss Wiley), J. H. Bryce, Port Huron, \$85.
Oxford Vanquish of Wayne (Oxford Vanquish), John Brakeman, China, \$90.
Ella Gwynne 2d (Gwynne), R. H. Jenks, St. Clair, \$90.
Ella Gwynne of Hamburg (Gwynne), W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw, \$95.
Hamilton's Duchess of Springfield (Rose of Sharon), John P. Sanborn, Port Huron, \$100.
Dido and bull calf (Imp. Coquette), J. H. Bryce, Port Huron, \$125.
Bull calf 7th (Tea Rose Duke (Tea Rose), D. A. McDonald, East Saginaw, \$75.
Twenty-four females, all ages, averaged \$105 each. One bull calf, \$75.

SECRETARY Mohler, of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, has issued a report showing unusually good condition of crops generally throughout the State. The growth of corn has been retarded somewhat by excessive rains and cool weather, but otherwise the conditions are excellent. The total product of winter wheat is estimated at 33,780,000 bushels—an excess of 17,644,550 bushels over last year. The area of corn is estimated at 2,460,638 acres. Grasses and fruits are in excellent condition, and little or no damage is reported from bugs.

STRAY THOUGHTS ABOUT WOOL.

BY OLD GENESSEE.

Well, the wool season is once more upon us. The weather is cold, wet and disagreeable. Some few of our farmers sheared their sheep weeks ago; the sheep if not the owners are to be pitied. If it could be supposed that those owners foresaw just what was in the future they certainly ought to be indicted for cruelty to animals. But while it is not for humanity to penetrate the future, this experience should teach us a lesson, to not be in too great haste to rob our animals of that clothing which a beneficent Providence has provided for their protection. This is not the first season in which we have had the same, or worse experience, but how soon we are wont to forget the lessons of the past. But the clouds will pass away, the sun will shine, the sheep will be placed on the shearing table, and his fleeces will be hurried away to the market. And what are we going to get for our wool? More than a million of the dwellers of Michigan are directly interested in the answer. Let us look at the MICHIGAN FARMER, for it is the best authority on the subject we have in the State—it matters not how much we may differ on questions of protection or free trade, all must concede that the FARMER is and ever has been the ardent and devoted friend of the wool grower. Somehow or another Philadelphia always seems to be the ruling authority on prices of wool, and the FARMER quotes from the Wool Reporter "Michigan X at 30 and 31 cents." This class probably embraces four-fifths of all wool produced in Michigan. It is the grade whose quotations will substantially rule the Michigan market. Now it has generally been conceded that five cents a pound is a fair estimate of the difference in the value of wool, between us farmers of Michigan and the dealers and manufacturers of the east. Some may think it too much, but there are many things to be considered. I will present some of the conditions that interpose between us and the east; leaving the reader to make his own schedule of prices. Beginning then with commissions of purchasers, there are sacks and the labor of sacking, (not forgetting storage here during the process of handling) there are drayage, railroad freights, insurance, drayage again at the east end of the route, and storage again while awaiting sales; and there are commissions to the dealers and interest on the capital. All things considered, I am not inclined to say that five cents on the pound is too much. What then is the mathematical conclusion? Answer, 25 to 26 cents for X Michigan wool in our local markets here at home. Here seems to be the point where buyers are willing to place the price. But we farmers are not quite satisfied. We would like a little more, whether the buyer can afford it or not. Is not that about the shape of it to-day? The MICHIGAN FARMER valiantly stands by us, and tells us that we ought to have more, and if we will only hold on to our wool and stand side by side and shoulder to shoulder, we will get it, and I believe that to be a fact. But who ever heard of farmers doing such a thing? There are many reasons why that thing never will be done; farmers are too isolated to form and maintain solid combinations, and worst of all, they are not able to wait for their money. Some are overhauled and could wait, but their number is so small they constitute the exception and not the rule. What then is the inevitable conclusion? Simply this, that farmers will do as they have done, shear as soon as they can, and sell their wool for what they can get. And shall we then concede there is no remedy? From figures already shown there seems to be no good reason to abuse the railroad companies or the dealers. All seem to me to be working for reasonable prices, and "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Now have we reasoned from correct premises? It seems to me that we have, as things have been in the past. But now let us view the subject from a different standpoint. Michigan with her two million inhabitants and two million sheep is producing twelve million pounds of wool per annum. This wool is all and more than all needed in our State, a moment's glance at the statistics will settle this question. Speaking in round numbers and from general averages, our country consumes six hundred million pounds of wool per annum. We average to produce three hundred millions and to import one hundred million in raw wool, and two hundred millions in woolen goods. This is about nine pounds to every man, woman and child in the land. Thus we see that no less than eighteen million pounds of wool are yearly consumed by the people of Michigan, of which we are producing only twelve millions. Now we have seen that it costs five cents a pound to get our wool from our farmers in Michigan into the hands of the eastern manufacturers. Now let us suppose that it costs as much more to get it from the factories to the wholesale city dealers of the east, and back through the wholesale and retail dealers of the west, into the hands of the consumer. Here is no less than one million two hundred thousand dollars per annum literally thrown away on the wool we raise and wear out, simply because we don't have it manufactured at home. Here we stand in the double capacity of producer and consumer, upon the same farm and under

the same roof tree, and yet as producer and consumer we are practically removed from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles from ourselves. Think of it a few minutes, brother farmers, and see if it don't make you head swim. But this is not always going to be so. I am "neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet," but "Coming events cast their shadows before," and already we have among us something more substantial than mere shadow to tell to the thinking man that we are on the verge of a revolution. I shall not live to see it, but young men who read this article will. The day is not very far distant when the hum of the spindle and the clatter of the loom will be heard from the many beautiful towns and villages that ornament our best agricultural counties, and the farmers will then save to themselves this ten cents a pound on all their wool, that is now being literally thrown away upon railroads and middle-men; and the idle men and women of the west will find a new and lucrative field of employment. This is not vague chimera, for the work is already begun, under circumstances which give brilliant promise for the future. Right near here at Columbiaville is a sylvan spot on the romantic banks of Flint River, in one of the most northerly towns of Lapeer County stands one of the finest woolen mills in the State. Less than three years since William Peter, a well known and enterprising man, whose name from Toledo to Saginaw has become a household word, started this factory as an outlet for a small part of his surplus capital. The first season he consumed less than two hundred thousand pounds of wool. Last season his purchases amounted to about three hundred thousand; and now, with enlarged facilities, he will require between four and five hundred thousand pounds. Many of the first wool growers of Genesee and some from Oakland Counties, who had formerly sold at Flint, Fentonville and Pontiac, found their way down to this sylvan manufacturing city, and all went away well satisfied with the honest dealing and gentlemanly treatment they had received. Upon a most careful comparison it was shown that Mr. Peter had paid fully a cent a pound above the buyers of surrounding towns. It is also estimated that other buyers were compelled to pay as much more than they would have paid, but for his competition. The two counties of Genesee and Lapeer are producing something over a million pounds of wool a year. Much of this wool, which was last year sold at the Columbiaville woolen mills, brought at least two cents a pound more than it would but for the existence of these mills, and it is but a moderate estimate that all the wool of both these counties was sold at an average of a penny a pound advance. This one woolen mill thus enabled the farmers of these two counties to realize at least ten thousand dollars more on their wool than they would have done had the mill not existed. This leads us to reflect. The coffers of our eastern cities are full to overflowing. Millions upon millions are yearly flowing away to seek investment abroad, but very little is coming to the Northwest. The South has suddenly become the popular field for the investment of eastern capital. The people of the South are holding out liberal inducements, and their efforts are being appreciated and reciprocated by the capitalists of the eastern factories. Mills and furnaces are springing up like magic throughout the States of the remote South, and that section of the Union is taking rapid strides toward its commercial independence. Could not something be done to direct a portion of this stream of wealth towards our own State, and cause it to be invested in the business of manufacturing Michigan wools? We leave this question for the political economist.

MR. BUTTON AGAIN DISCUSSES SHROPSHIRE FLEECES.

FLINT, June 16th, 1889.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer:

Thanks for the publication of my article on "Shropshire Fleeces" in your last issue. But it seems to me that in your editorial comments you do not stick to the original text, as referred to in the communication from Mr. Horton and your comments on the same as published in your issue of June 1st, viz: Average weight of fleeces from full blood Shropshire yearling ewes. Mr. Horton in his article made mention of a fleece taken from a full blood Shropshire yearling ewe, shorn at the Atlas shearing, and in your comments I supposed you referred to averages of fleeces from full blood Shropshires, as none other were mentioned by Mr. Horton.

I am well aware that the average weight of fleeces from the entire flocks of Michigan is less than seven pounds; but this subject was not under consideration, and it seems to me entirely foreign to the subject nation of my communication. I then thought, and still think, that the subject we were discussing was the fleeces from full blood Shropshires as referred to in your comments as published in the FARMER of June 8th.

If some of your numerous subscribers had written you inquiring as to the average weight of fleeces, shorn from full blood American Merino yearling ewes of Michigan, you would not have given your opinion of the same based upon the average clip of the entire flocks of Michigan; but would have confined your answer and comments

solely to the fleeces of full blood American Merinos, and based your judgment on the same, would you not?

I know full well there are many flocks of grade Shropshires in Michigan that will not shear on an average seven pounds of wool; but I repeat, it was full bloods we were talking about, not grades.

There are probably 100 or more breeders of full blood Shropshires in the State, and I will now confirm what I said in my previous communication. I do not believe there is one of them but will honestly tell you that his yearling ewes sheared over eight pounds on an average, and in most cases nine or ten pounds, and perhaps more. Neither do I believe there is a breeder of full blood Shropshires in the State, but what will tell you that his entire flock, including breeding ewes, sheared on an average over seven pounds seven ounces, in most cases eight to nine pounds, and in some cases more. If there is such a breeder should like to see his name in the columns of the FARMER. You say I am a great admirer of Shropshires. I answer that I plead guilty as charged. But, Mr. Editor, will you not credit me with at all times, when discussing this sheep question, having taken the ground that there was plenty of room for the breeders of both the Shropshire and the Merino? I am one of those who believe there is a place for the Jersey cow, and a place for the Shorthorn bull; a place for the thoroughbred, the trotting horse and roadster, and a place for the Percheron and Clyde. The farmers of Michigan are breeding stock and raising sheep for the dollars and cents there are in the business. As regards the various breeds of sheep I believe that this is an age of improvement. The best is none too good. Because our fathers used to cut their wheat with a cradle is no reason why we should not use an improved binder.

JAMES A. BUTTON.

WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

The June meeting of the club was held Saturday, June 8, at the pleasant home of Austin Smith, about three miles north of Ann Arbor. The day was very unfavorable for a large gathering on account of rain; but to the twenty-five people present the time was surely an enjoyable one. Three of the committee on entertainment being present with well laden lunch baskets, their presence showed how well they appreciated a good thing when it was presented. After the dinner a rather informal programme was presented, opening with an impersonation of Aunt Susan Jane Hotspar, by Mrs. A. O. Saver; music and short speeches followed, which seemed to be enjoyed by all present.

The business meeting was called to order by President Backus. The Recording Secretary and Corresponding Secretary being absent, the vacancies were filled by the election of Miss Ella Smith as temporary Recording Secretary and E. N. Ball as temporary Corresponding Secretary.

At this session of the year the Club takes a recess through the months of July and August. The general order was again followed, and the Club decided to hold the next regular meeting on Saturday, August 31, 1889, meeting to begin at 10 A. M., the place to be decided upon in the near future. Following the dinner an hour and a half will be occupied in discussion by the ladies, topic, "Six Days and their Work." The topic suggested for discussion by the gentlemen is "Wheat Culture."

Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

E. N. BALL, Tem. Cor. Sec.

FARMERS' CLUB ORGANIZED.

GRAND BLANC, June 8, 1889.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer:

A call was issued with the object of assembling the farmers of Grand Blanc for the purpose of organizing that valuable institution of an agricultural community, a farmers' club. Only a few responded, but these few were energetic and did not despair because of unfavorable circumstances, and effected a permanent organization by electing for President Mr. D. P. Dewey, for Secretary Mr. C. Clark, and for Treasurer Mr. E. H. Stone. A committee was appointed to draft and present a constitution at the next meeting, which was adopted. Even the most sanguine have seen their hopes surpassed in the rapid growth of the attendance at the gatherings of the club. At the last one, held on April 25th, the hall was well filled. The subjects of "Home making," "Fencing," "Road-making," and "Butter" have been written upon and discussed at our meetings, and have been very profitable and interesting to all present. The next meeting will be held at the house of Mr. George Stuart, where a very pleasant time is anticipated, weather permitting. George and his wife are equal to any emergency which they may be called upon to meet in the way of entertaining visitors. An interesting programme has been prepared for that occasion. A report will be sent to the FARMER for publication.

C. CLARK, Secretary.

We have received several letters of inquiry from parties who intend exhibiting at the coming exposition in Detroit, in reference to entries and the securing of space. In reply to these we would say that all intending exhibitors can get any information desired on the subject by addressing J. F. House, Asst. Sec'y Detroit Exposition, Detroit, Mich.

MICHIGAN CROP REPORT, JUNE 1, 1889.

For this report returns have been received from 930 correspondents, representing 696 townships. Six hundred and nine of these reports are from 418 townships in the southern four tiers of counties, and 164 reports are from 143 townships in the central counties.

The wheat crop of this State, as stated in the May report, was greatly injured between the first and tenth of May by hot, dry weather. The weather turned cooler on the eleventh, but except light showers no rain fell until the fifteenth. From this date until the twenty-second rain fell generally throughout the State, and again from the different stations in the southern counties varied from two and 77-hundredths inches at Eden, Ingham county, to six and 84-hundredths inches at Buchanan, Berrien county; in the central counties from two and 60-hundredths inches at Hayes, in Huron county, to five and 23-hundredths inches at Montague, Muskegon county; and in the northern counties from one and 16-hundredths inches at Marquette, to seven and 33-hundredths inches at Standish, Arenac county.

The average rainfall in the southern counties was four and 51-hundredths inches, in the central three and 77-hundredths inches, and in the northern three and 29-hundredths inches. This is sufficient to save wheat and grass, yet the total rainfall in the State in May was only 68-hundredths of an inch above, and in the southern counties 68-hundredths of an inch above, the normal for that month, while the total deficiency in precipitation in the twelve months ending with May 1 was more than eleven inches.

The rainfall since June 1 has been quite heavy and well distributed. The total at Lansing in the first nine days of the month is one and 57-hundredths inches.

In the southern counties the condition of wheat is 87 per cent of an average, a loss of three per cent compared with May 1; in the central counties the condition is 92, a loss of five per cent; and in the northern counties it is 93, a loss of four per cent since May 1. The crop is several days more forward than last year. In Berrien county it is reported two weeks earlier; in Jackson county heads were discovered May 17, and Mr. M. J. Gard, of Volland, Cass county, discovered first heads this year May 19, and last year on June 5.

Reports have been received of the quantity of wheat marketed by farmers during the month of May at 289 elevators and mills. Of these 229 are in the southern four tiers of counties, which is 44 per cent, and 49 are in the fifth and sixth tiers of counties, which is 44 per cent of the whole number in these sections respectively. The total number of bushels reported marketed is 393,693, of which 99,511 bushels were marketed in the first or southern tier of counties; 95,995 bushels in the second tier; 62,098 bushels in the third tier; 92,492 bushels in the fourth tier; 41,414 bushels in the fifth and sixth tiers; and 1,883 bushels in the northern counties. At 55 elevators and mills, or 19 per cent of the whole number from which reports have been received, there was no wheat marketed during the month.

The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed in the ten months, August-May, is 14,144,946, or about 60 per cent of the crop of 1888. The number of bushels reported marketed in the same months of 1887-8 was 12,859,457, or 57 per cent of the crop of 1887. In 1887-8 reports were received from about 50 per cent, and in 1888-9 from about 60 per cent of the elevators and mills in the southern four tiers of counties.

Total wheat crop of 1888..... 23,531,501
Reported marketed to June 1, 1889..... 14,144,946
Seed and bread of farmers..... 7,386,555
Balance sold but not reported, or held by farmers for sale..... 1,768,553

A report from 40 elevators usually received by the 6th of the month has not been received at this date (June 10). The amount of wheat purchased at these in April was 38,440 bushels, and in March 71,921 bushels.

The area planted to corn and sowed to oats and barley is about the same as in 1888. The rains, that have been so beneficial to sowed crops and grass, have retarded the growth of corn. An average of seven per cent of the area planted failed to grow. The crop has been greatly damaged by worms, and also by general and severe frosts towards the end of May, notably on the 25th. Potatoes, where up, also suffered by these frosts.

Oats and barley, like wheat, were injured by the dry, hot weather in the early part of May. In the southern counties the condition of oats, June 1, was 59 and of barley 92, comparison being with average years. The figures for the central counties are, oats 88, barley 90; and for the northern counties, oats 97, and barley 95. In condition, compared with average years, meadows and pastures in the southern counties are 80 per cent, and in the central counties 85 per cent, and clover sowed this year is, in the southern counties, 82 per cent, and in the central, 88 per cent.

Apples promise, in the southern counties, 82 per cent, in the central, 71 per cent, and in the northern, 54 per cent of an average crop. The figures one month ago for these sections respectively were 80, 90 and 95. Peaches promise 60 per cent of an average

crop. Only 162 correspondents in the State make any report respecting this crop.

In the southern counties the wages per month of farm hands average \$16.86 with board, and \$23.70 without board; in the central counties \$16.75 with board, and \$23.46 without board; and in the northern counties \$18.67 with board, and \$28.85 without board.

SHEEP AND WOOL.

The farm statistics of 923 townships, collected by the supervisors, have been received. The number of sheep sheared in these townships in 1888 was 1,682,390; pounds of wool, 10,267,791; average per head, six and six-hundredths pounds. The number of sheep six months old and over in the same townships in May of the present year was 1,580,325. This is a decrease of 101,932, or six per cent of the number sheared last year. The clip of the State this year will amount to about 11,300,000 pounds.

WEST MICHIGAN FRUIT-GROWERS' SOCIETY.

The summer meeting of the West Michigan Fruit-Growers' Society was held at the beautiful village of South Haven, situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, about midway between the southern and northern limits of the famous peach belt of Western Michigan. This is one of the most favored regions along the lake shore. South Haven is one of the pioneer towns in the peach business; peaches were at one time a specialty with the people around this village. As the years went by and the profits increased, and the love for fruit-growing grew strong, orchards increased in area, until the whole surrounding country is apparently one vast orchard, peach, apple, plum, pear and grape. Scattered all through this vast fruit grove are substantial dwelling-houses surrounded by plantations of the smaller fruits. Front yards with lawns dotted with evergreens, flowers, and clean, well kept walks attract the thrift, the taste and wealth of South Haven.

The first session was held in the opera house on Wednesday evening, June 5th. President Phillips called the house to order. Hon. A. S. Dyckman was then introduced, who in one of his happy moods, greeted the visitors and members of the Society with the following address of welcome:

Mr. President and Members—About thirty years ago, a man, younger than he is now, set a large peach orchard in this vicinity, among hemlock stumps surrounded by a hemlock or cedar-planting. Several years later our foreman was showing a stranger our prospective advantages. The stranger observing a queer shaped house of many gables, asked: "What building is that?" Said the driver: "That's the asylum." "Ah, have you many patients there?" "We have one fellow there whose life is crazy on peaches." From that time on after another was attacked with the malady, until now, in the neighborhood of South Haven we are all crazy on peaches, or rather we have settled down soberly to the raising of fruits generally. We are a community of fruit-growers, and as such welcome you.

The fruit belt of West Michigan, with a common lake boundary on the west, with nearly the same climate and other conditions along the whole shore, has certain problems in fruit culture peculiar to this region, in the solution of which we have a common interest. It has been said, "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." Perhaps a fellow interest may have the same effect. So, nature's rights seem to arise, the West Michigan Fruit-Growers' Society was organized to advance our common interest. As representing this Society we gladly welcome you to South Haven.

There are certain lines of business that post notices over their doors as "No admittance here!" and some merchants have cypher cost-marks; but have observed that fruit-growers have no such marks. So, nature's rights seem to arise, the West Michigan Fruit-Growers' Society was organized to advance our common interest. As representing this Society we gladly welcome you to South Haven.

We welcome you as the springtime the birds, or as the flowers welcome the sunlight! As President Phillips was called for, who came forward and in his usual earnest manner, responded on behalf of the society. It was evident to all how strong a hold the love of the business of fruit growing had upon him. He said:

Hon. A. S. Dyckman, Ladies and Gentlemen—On behalf of the Society we thank you for the hearty welcome extended us by your honored citizen, A. S. Dyckman, representing the local pomological society and the citizens of South Haven. We are rejoiced by this welcome that as fruit-growers, we are engaged in the same life work, and in the same common cause. Our interests and sympathies are one. For this reason we are welcomed to the homes and to the hospitalities of these people. We have been welcomed to the views and experiences of the fruit growers of this locality. You expect of us a like return for the common benefit in our common efforts to solve the problem of successful fruit growing. As I look over the assembly I recognize many of the pioneers of fruit culture men who laid the foundation for all this great industry, without a duplicate on this continent. To them we all owe a debt of gratitude. Twenty five years ago I resided near Flint, Genesee Co. I well remember the impressions received from reading reports of the then famous peach orchard of my friend, A. S. Dyckman. This seemed to give a new impetus to my already strong love for fruit culture. I went to Iowa where I spent eight years, but during all this time I never lost my interest in fruit. As the years went by my desire to engage in growing fruit grew stronger, until I returned to the fruit belt of Michigan, since which time I have been engaged in this occupation, where I expect to remain a co-laborer with you among the orchards, the vineyards and the fruits of West Michigan. Words of welcome such as we have received this evening warm our hearts and inspire our hopes in future success.

Five years ago this month this society was organized at Grand Haven by the leading fruit-growers of West Michigan. It has grown in strength and numbers until its membership includes many of the most practical and intelligent pomologists of Michigan. We are proud of its record. We again thank you for your kind words of welcome.

The balance of the evening was occupied in receiving reports, from delegates, of the prospect of the coming fruit crop. W. S. Gebhart, of Oceana County, reported that notwithstanding ice had formed a quarter of an inch on water, nearly all the tender fruit promised a good crop. Peaches, plums, cherries and pears promise an average crop; apples rather light.

H. H. Hayes, of Ottawa County.—I think the frost has done very little damage in the section where I live. My grapes are in fine condition; no damage yet by frost. The prospect for a fair crop of most kinds of fruit is good.

A Hamilton.—In the town of Ganges there is considerable difference in the show of fruit in different orchards, owing perhaps to elevation and the varieties grown. Peaches half a crop.

J. H. Kingsley, of Fennville.—Grapes are damaged some, can't say to what extent; peaches one-tenth of a crop; most small fruits have been damaged by the late frost.

President Phillips—Very little if any loss formed during the recent cold. So far as I can learn very little damage has been done to grapes at Grand Haven.

F. A. Freeman, of Oshtemo—Apples and pear trees are set full and promise a good crop; peaches on high ground may yield quarter of a crop.

J. G. Ramsdell, of South Haven.—South of the river the show for fruit is good; the hardy varieties of peaches promise nearly a fair crop; some of the more tender varieties rather light. Grapes have suffered some damage from the spring frost. Small fruit growing near the ground has been damaged most.

Mr. T. Smith, of Hopkins—Peaches are not grown to any great extent in our town. Cherries have dropped badly; there will be a medium crop. Present indications are that the apple crop will be an average; Baldwin trees are not well set in my orchard. The grapes on my farm have not been damaged by frost during May.

Joseph Lannin, of South Haven—I have several varieties of grapes in my vineyard; all have suffered from the effect of the May frost; some varieties more than others. Varieties with small leaves have been hurt most; the varieties with large leaves suffered less. My pears will be a fair crop; some varieties are well loaded, while others are considerably below an average crop.

Thursday morning session was opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Ferguson. President Phillips reviewed the following committees:

On Resolutions—R. Morrill, Benton Harbor; F. A. Freeman, Oshtemo; John P. Wade, Fennville.

On Fruits and Flowers—J. W. Humphrey, South Haven; A. Hamilton, Ganges; M. T. Smith, Hopkins.

T. E. Godrich, Cobden, Illinois, furnished the following paper, entitled "How Fruit-Growing in the Western States May Affect the Price of Michigan Fruit."

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If the western States are growing the same fruits that Michigan is, and sending to the same markets and at the same time, the price of Michigan fruit will be most seriously affected. But Michigan can work in special lines, if she can grow fruits that the western States cannot grow, or from her position can reach markets to the east and northeast of her, inaccessible to the south, then her success will be assured.

It seems to be a conceded fact that Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota will never be able to grow their own peaches, and must import from somewhere. Will Lake-shore Michigan be the place? But the neighbors to the south of the five States named, Tennessee, Arkansas, Missouri, Texas and Southern Illinois, are in the field and will by their many lines of railroad be ever ready to assist.

Now Michigan has three very great advantages in at least one branch of fruit-growing, viz, peaches. The almost entire immunity from killing frosts of this the western part of the State, having no peach-producing region north of her, unlike any other State, gives her the last chance at the market, the last word in the argument; and lastly, from her midway position between and nearness to the northwest and northeast, to the cities of the lakes, the St. Lawrence river and to Canada, she can supply peaches beyond the reach of regions further south. With these three great advantages in favor of her peach growing, Michigan's scepter will not soon depart from her.

Joseph Lannin led in the talk on this topic. He said California fruit cannot be left out of the count, as the people of that State are largely engaged in fruit-growing, and annually ship vast quantities of fruit in car loads to our Western States, which come in direct competition with Michigan. These are our strongest competitors. Some of the Western States grow considerable quantities of the hardy fruits. The pear, plum and apple market is in no immediate danger from the region west of the Rockies. With the more tender fruits we must expect to come in competition with California. The people of that State are alive to their interests.

A Hamilton—Michigan is within easy reach of good markets like Nebraska, Iowa, and Minnesota, and the Northwest generally. We ought to be able to compete with

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

We are proud of its record. We again thank you for your kind words of welcome.

The balance of the evening was occupied in receiving reports, from delegates, of the prospect of the coming fruit crop. W. S. Gebhart, of Oceana County, reported that notwithstanding ice had formed a quarter of an inch on water, nearly all the tender fruit promised a good crop. Peaches, plums, cherries and pears promise an average crop; apples rather light.

H. H. Hayes, of Ottawa County.—I think the frost has done very little damage in the section where I live. My grapes are in fine condition; no damage yet by frost. The prospect for a fair crop of most kinds of fruit is good.

A Hamilton.—In the town of Ganges there is considerable difference in the show of fruit in different orchards, owing perhaps to elevation and the varieties grown. Peaches half a crop.

J. H. Kingsley, of Fennville.—Grapes are damaged some, can't say to what extent; peaches one-tenth of a crop; most small fruits have been damaged by the late frost.

President Phillips—Very little if any loss formed during the recent cold. So far as I can learn very little damage has been done to grapes at Grand Haven.

F. A. Freeman, of Oshtemo—Apples and pear trees are set full and promise a good crop; peaches on high ground may yield quarter of a crop.

J. G. Ramsdell, of South Haven.—South of the river the show for fruit is good; the hardy varieties of peaches promise nearly a fair crop; some of the more tender varieties rather light. Grapes have suffered some damage from the spring frost. Small fruit growing near the ground has been damaged most.

Mr. T. Smith, of Hopkins—Peaches are not grown to any great extent in our town. Cherries have dropped badly; there will be a medium crop. Present indications are that the apple crop will be an average; Baldwin trees are not well set in my orchard. The grapes on my farm have not been damaged by frost during May.

Joseph Lannin, of South Haven—I have several varieties of grapes in my vineyard; all have suffered from the effect of the May frost; some varieties more than others. Varieties with small leaves have been hurt most; the varieties with large leaves suffered less. My pears will be a fair crop; some varieties are well loaded, while others are considerably below an average crop.

Thursday morning session was opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Ferguson. President Phillips reviewed the following committees:

On Resolutions—R. Morrill, Benton Harbor; F. A. Freeman, Oshtemo; John P. Wade, Fennville.

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The Horse.

WHO SAYS THE DRAFT HORSE BUSINESS WILL EVER BE OVERDONE?

It will probably be conceded without a quibble that Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, is the banner county of the Keystone State in breeding and raising draft horses. More money is invested in imported and pure-bred draft stallions in this county than in any other county in the State. One importing firm, outside of the county, a year or two since imported five head of imported draft stallions to go into Westmoreland county alone, for which they had realized over one hundred thousand dollars. Many other outside importers and breeders have found customers for their stock among the farmers of this county, and besides this, there are located within the county more than a half dozen importers and breeders, some of them doing an extensive business each year. There is no district of the country in which the owners of good stallions receive more encouragement from farmer breeders than in the greater part of this county, the most of the stallions having more than they can do each season. Notwithstanding all this, shippers of good draft and farm horses find a ready market for their stock at reasonable prices, with the borders of this county, so famed for its draft horse enterprise.

We refer to this fact now that the pessimist who laments that the horse business is being overdone may have something to reflect upon. Within the past month two carloads of good horses were dispersed among the farmers at Irwin, Westmoreland county, the home of three extensive breeders and importers of all classes of draft horses. If there is a demand of this kind in the "hot-bed" of the draft horse interest, what ought to be expected where good horses are badly needed, but not raised to any great extent? The secret of the whole matter lies simply in the fact that the more farmers see of the better class of horses the better are they satisfied with the results, and the more good horses a district contains the more they want. The farmer who hesitates to breed a better class of horses for fear of overstocking the market will be hard to find after he has experimented in that line.—*National Stockman.*

We give the above as the opinion of a journal generally well posted on stock matters. What it says deserves consideration. All the same, however, there is a decided falling off in the demand for heavy draft stallions from the agricultural sections of the western and middle States. That this is so is as certain as anything can be. How many importers have brought over and sold as many horses as they did one, two or three years ago? It is not because farmers are turning against heavy horses, but because the demand being more fully met, values are working downward. It was only a question of time when the supply would meet all demands, and that point seems to have been reached in many States. Until that demand increases it will not be profitable to largely increase the supply. Horse breeding has grown to wonderful proportions within the past ten years, and when there should be a lull is only natural. And when the demand for draft horses is once fully met the market is not one capable of indefinite extension, because such horses are in demand for one place and one only. Prices are as yet, however, remunerative, but we think it only good policy to look to the possibilities of the future squarely in the face, and advise farmers of a contingency which may render the business unremunerative, and which may be close at hand if the boom of the past five years is not checked.

THE ENGLISH DERBY.

The race for the great Derby stakes, the most noted event of the year in racing circles, was run on June 5th, and was won by the favorite, Donovan. He is owned by the Duke of Portland, who also owned the winner of 1888—Ayrshire. It is not often that one is lucky enough to win two Derbys. Since 1861, this has happened twice before, the Duke of Westminster and Lord Falkland being the parties. The starters this year were Donovan, Poet Laureate, Pioneer, Eldorado, Morglay, Clover, Enthusiast, Folango, Galliver, Gay Hampton, Turquoise, and Royal Star. The start was made after one failure, Morglay making the running, followed by Folango and Enthusiast. These three were clear of the rest of the field, which was headed by Gay Hampton and Donovan, with Clover next. Eldorado and Poet Laureate were last. These positions were unchanged until Tottenham Corner was reached, where Turquoise took the lead, with Donovan second. Soon Donovan went to the front and cantered home, finishing a length and a half ahead of Miguel, who was hard ridden. Eldorado was a bad third. Pioneer finished fourth. Time, 2:44 2-5. The weather during the day was perfect. The fastest time yet reported was made by Ayrshire in 1888—namely, 2:42 2-5. The distance is a mile and a half. The winner was the best two-year-old in England last year, finishing the season at Newmarket in October by winning the Middle Park Plate, won ten out of twelve races, worth in all about \$45,000. He began with the Brocklesby at Lincoln, and followed with the Portland and Leicester, the New at Ascot, the Bury Club Produce and Hurstbourne at Stockbridge, the July at Newmarket, the Ham at Godwood, the Buckingham and Hopeful at the first Newmarket. He was second to Chitabab for the Whiteside Plate at Manchester, and third for the Prince of Wales Post Stakes at Goodwood. He opened his three-year-old career the 6th of April by winning the Prince of Wales Stakes at the Leicester Spring meeting, valued at \$55,000, and the 22nd of May captured the Newmarket Stakes, valued at about \$35,000. The Derby Stakes last year were worth about \$18,000, and if worth the same this year the Duke of Portland wins, with this one horse alone, about \$108,000 this season. The Derby was first run May 4, 1780. It was then a dash of a mile, and was won by Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, by Florida. In 1799 Diomed was imported into the United States, and to him can be traced nearly all the best of the American racing families. In 1784 the distance was increased to a mile and a half, and the weights raised to 115 pounds for colts and 112 pounds for fillies. But one American horse ever won the event. That was in 1881, when Pierre Lorillard's Troquois captured the prize, winning easily in 2:50.

Weak Foals.

The fact that a foal cannot stand, says the *Stock Farm*, during the first nine days after birth, is not itself evidence that the foal must die. If a colt does not stand soon after birth it will rise to a standing position and teach it to use its legs. If in doing this it is discovered that the colt is too weak to stand, the youngster should be rubbed with a woolen cloth wet with quite warm water, every part of which should contain about a tablespoonful of alcohol, then rubbed dry, the operation being completed by brisk, but not harsh, hand rubbing. The colt should then be held up to the dam. If it stands even though it needs help, all will be well; but if it is too weak to stand, the rubbings should be persisted in until it will stand alone. Of course the foal should be kept in a warm place, anything like a chill being likely to either kill it, or at least to seriously interfere with its development. If in spite of this treatment foals die, there is some fault which must be corrected before birth. If the successive get of any horse or foal of any mare die in this way such horse or mare should not be used for breeding purposes.

Horse Notes from Illinois.

At the Huber sale of thoroughbreds near Pleasant Plains, Sangamon Co., Ill., on the 5th inst., the highest price paid was \$400. This was bid by W. S. Watts, of Farmington, for Victorine, a six-year-old bay mare by Voltigeur, with filly colt at side. Col. J. V. Stricker, of Springfield, bought My Belle Moore, a blood bay mare, seven years old, for \$300. She was sired by Voltigeur, and out of Flora Leach by Marion; 24 dam by imp. Bonnie Scotland; 34 dam by imp. Monarch. The two-year-old brown stallion Sexton, by Spinning, was sold to John Walton, Beardstown, Ill., for \$200. The two-year-old bay stallion Sangamon sold for \$185; the two-year-old bay filly Swiftress for \$160; Saddle, a three-year-old bay filly by Spinning, dam Ets, 24 dam Flora Leach, brought \$130; and Flora Leach, fifteen years old, sold also for \$130. The sorrel mare, Billy Shank, nineteen years old, went to J. F. Warren, Berlin, Ill., for \$115. The above were considered the best of the seventeen catalogued animals sold. The seven made an average of \$200, showing that although the draft horse interest in Sangamon has received greater attention and grown more rapidly during the last few years than any other, the thoroughbreds are not being neglected.

Speed and endurance are often worth more than size and weight. I thought so at least when I found, after the sale, that it was impossible to make the train at Pleasant Plains with the farm team about starting for that place. Fortunately for me, J. N. Watts, who delights in thoroughbreds, and prides himself on his fine Denmark driving horses, was at hand with just the team needed for a pleasant drive to Springfield, sixteen miles distant. We made the trip at the rate of nine miles an hour and no hardship to the horses at that.

The Sangamon Fine Stock Association gives encouragement to all breeds alike. The horses owned by its members include the following: Clydesdales, English Shires, Percherons, Cleveland Bays, thoroughbreds, roasters and sadders. For each of these the Association offers silver plate valued at \$25 for best display at the Sangamon Fair, Sept. 10 to 13, 1889.

PAUL TRITTON.

Horse Gossip.

It requires more than fifteen thousand horses each year to take the places made vacant by death and accident in New York city.

The Kalamazoo Stock Farm has sold from January 1 to May 15 of this year, 30 head of trotting bred stock for \$34,330, an average of \$1,144.33 per head.

Mr. J. H. WALLACE, editor of the American Trotting Register, announces that entries for the 8th volume will close August 1st. Breeders should make a note of this.

GRAND RAPIDS parties are said to have offered G. C. McAllister, of Plainwell, Allegan County, \$1,200 for his five-year-old trotting horse, John McDonald—certainly a good price.

JOHN MURPHY, the famous rider, driver and trainer, is dying of consumption at his residence in New York city. He has been before the public for many years, first as a rider, then as a driver, and of late as a trainer.

The first Electioneer to enter the 2:30 list this season is Enaline, a five-year-old, which got a record of 2:27 3/4, May 17, at Sacramento. She was out of Emma Robson, thoroughbred daughter of Woodburn; second dam by Lance, son of American Eclipse; Woodburn by Lexington, out of Head's I Say, by imported Glencoe.

J. H. CLARKE has notified H. S. Russell that Bell Boy's engagements will keep him off the track this season, thus ending the talk about a race between the \$51,000 Electioneer colt and the unbeaten Edgemark. So ends the prospect of seeing these colts on the track this season. As soon as the lustre of their achievements is dimmed by time, there will be some other scheme worked by their owners to secure free advertising.

The closing out sales of Lako Elysian stud, the property of the late C. A. De Graft, occurred at the farm, one mile from Janesville, Minn., on Tuesday. The bidders were chiefly from Kentucky, Iowa, Illinois and Minnesota. Emptire Wilkes was sold to Bowman Bros., Lexington, Ky., for \$8,000; Prefix to J. C. McFerran & Co., Glenview, Ky., for \$2,000; Turin to H. L. Emmott, Shelby, Ia., for \$1,875; Prefix to J. C. McFerran & Co., Glenview, Ky., for \$3,500. The total amount realized was \$51,200.

MR. JAMES F. CROWTHER, of Mirfield, Yorkshire, England, sends us his catalogue of pure bred Shire, Cleveland Bay, Yorkshire Coach and Hackney horses. Mr. Crowther has long occupied a foremost position as a breeder of the various kinds of horses he advertises, and successful in the showing in the United States as in Great Britain. There are several horses of his breeding in this State, among others the Cleveland stallion and mares imported by Mr. E. Hilber, of Saline, which are fine specimens of this breed. A glance over the catalogue shows that horses from Mr. Crowther's stud have won first premiums in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, and a number of them in each State.

The catalogue is an interesting one for admirers of the breeds of horses mentioned.

One of the surprises of the week in racing circles was the victory of the California horse El Rio Rey in the Brewster's Stallion Stakes for two-year-olds, run for at St. Louis, Mo. This colt, a full brother to the great Emperor of Norfolk, stands over ten hands high, and is thoroughly solid and compact as well. This is his first race in public, and while his intrinsic merit was recognized, the opinion prevailed that the big fellow was not up to a race. The other starters were Santiago, Swifter and Good-Bye. El Rio Rey was last away, and he appeared to labor a little at first, as if he could not fully extend himself. He soon got on his stride, however, and rounding the last turn he took the lead, and there the race was virtually over, as nothing bothered him afterwards, and he actually walked under the string. The only contest was for second money, which Swifter secured. They bred great race horses in the Golden State.

SAYS the American Cultivator: "Hyder Ali, the sire of Spokane, the winner of the Kentucky Derby and Clark Stakes a short time since, was out of Lady Duke by Lexington. Lady Duke also produced Rysdyk, sire of Clingstone (2:14). Spokane, since he defeated Proctor Knott, is regarded as about the best three-year-old that has yet appeared. All who are acquainted with the trotting history of the past few years know how great a horse Clingstone is. Here are two great performers, the one a runner, the other a trotter, the sires of both being out of the same mare, and she of course, a thoroughbred, for no mare otherwise bred could produce the sires of two great performers at the running and trotting gaits. Nor is the case of Spokane and Clingstone an isolated one. Lightstone, by imported Glencoe, second dam, Levity, by imported Trustee, and third dam by imported Trauby, bred to Alexander's Abdallah, produced Falette, and she in time became the mother of Faevonia (2:13). Lightstone, bred to imported Bonnie Scotland, produced that great race horse, Luke Blackburn, and he got Proctor Knott, one of the present stars of the running track. Waxy, by Lexington, produced the great race mare Alpha (1:45), and her daughter, Waxanda, is the dam of the incomparable Sunol (two-year-old record 2:18). The list is a long one, and could be continued indefinitely. The several instances mentioned above are conspicuous examples, and furnish a subject pregnant with suggestive truths to breeders who are willing and able to think for themselves, draw their own conclusions and act upon them."

The Farm.

Manuring for Fertility.

For what is manure, says the *American Cultivator*, mainly used? To make the crop, is the first and most natural answer to this question. Until the necessity of making the soil fertile presses itself on the farmer this is the only correct answer. While land retains most of its virgin fertility, manure is little thought of. It lies unused in the barnyards because the cultivator has not spare time to draw it away. In the early settlement of the Mohawk Valley in New York State, farmers sometimes removed their barns to get away from the accumulations of manure that were rotting them down. Others built their barns close to the banks of streams for the purpose of having these bear away the manure that would otherwise become a nuisance. Some of them had perhaps read in ancient history that this was the way in which Hercules performed one of his great labors in cleaning the Augean stables by turning a river so that it ran through them. The successors of those early wasteful farmers have since bought hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of commercial fertilizers to replace what their fathers ignorantly threw away.

In modern times, to superficial view, the relation of the manure to the crop grown by it becomes all the time more obvious. We make the manure so soluble that as large a proportion as possible is used by the first crop. Unless that pays for the manure applied, it is usually thought that the experiment in buying manure has proven a mistake. It is a perfectly natural and reasonable view for the farmer, heavily in debt, that whatever he expends in money must bring its return within the year. The commercial fertilizer comes within this category. The stable manure, unless extra expense has been involved in feeding for this purpose, does not. In fact it is often made by farmers a distinction between the two that while the bought manure helps mainly if not exclusively the crop, the home-made stable manure helps to keep up fertility of the land.

Yet these two purposes cannot be kept distinct, let anyone try as they will. If stable manure did not generally benefit the first crop it would more often than it is left undrawn in the barnyard. If the bought fertilizer did not add something to the fertility of the soil the cultivator using it would quickly run ashore. A single failure of crop from a bad season would strand him. So as commercial fertilizers are mainly sold with grain to be sold off the farm, the land is at the same time seeded with clover or grass to be fed, made into manure or to be plowed under to restore fertility.

The direct profit from clover or grass is not as great as from grain, yet indirectly it is much greater. What avails it to a farmer if by the use of expensive concentrated fertilizers he is making a few profitable crops, if meanwhile his land has been running down until it is nearly valueless? Southern planters, who crop year after year with cotton grown by use of phosphates, find their land good for nothing after a time. Then they abandon it, let it run wild until nature slowly, in her own way, restores another measure of fertility to be used up as before. This is not real farming. It is the attempt by speculators to make a few cotton crops at least expense without regard to any consequences to the land they cultivate.

Some of the commercial fertilizers are so soluble that if not used up by the first crop they are liable to be washed away and wasted during the ensuing winter. Nitrate of soda is one of these. It is a most powerful stimulant, and can be applied at the rate of 100 to 150 pounds per acre in spring to the wheat crop. Its cost by the quantity is about three cents per pound. A dressing of 250 pounds would furnish nitrogen

enough for twenty-seven bushels of wheat and 1,200 pounds of straw, that would cost \$7.50 and if all the benefit went to wheat, would immediately pay. But it is not likely that the wheat crop during the short time of its growth in spring could use so much. A portion must be left for the clover and grass following the grain crop. It is argued by some that because of this diversion of the costly fertilizer to crops less salable than wheat, the change cannot be made with profit. This does not follow. If the first direct benefit of all manures was given to grass and clover we believe the mass of farmers would be richer than now. The fertilizer might not seem to pay so well as when applied directly to a grain crop, but it would soon so enrich the soil that the farm would become self-supporting as regards fertility, and the further purchase of commercial manures might be dispensed with. That is the mark toward which the farmer should aim.

Agriculture in the Far North.

A committee of the Canadian legislature was appointed last year to examine and report on the country in what is called the Mackenzie Basin, a great stretch of country lying north of the Saskatchewan river in Canada, and two thousand miles or more north of the northern boundary of Montana. The committee made a careful examination of the country, climate, soil, etc., and report that the climate, like northern Montana, is greatly modified by the warm Chinook winds from the Pacific. This country lies east of lower Alaska where the warm Japan current strikes our shores. The following is an extract from the committee's report on that region:

Within the scope of the committee's inquiry there is a possible area, it is stated, of 650,000 square miles fitted for the growth of potatoes, 407,000 square miles suitable for barley, and 316,000 square miles suitable for wheat. There is a pastoral area of 860,000 square miles, 26,000 miles of which is open prairie with occasional groves, the remainder being more or less wooded; 274,000 square miles, including the prairie, may be considered as arable land. About 490,000 square miles of the total is useless for the pasturage of domestic animals or for cultivation. This area comprises the barren grounds and a portion of the lightly wooded region to their south and west.

Throughout this arable and pastoral area latitude bears no direct relation to summer isotherms, the spring flowers and the buds of deciduous trees appearing as early north of the Great Slave Lake as at Winnipeg, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Kingston or Ottawa, and earlier along the Peace, Liard and some minor western affluents of the Great Mackenzie river, where the climate resembles that of Western Ontario. The native grasses and vetches are equal in and some districts superior to those of Eastern Canada. The prevailing southwest Chinook winds of the country in question bring the warmth and moisture which render possible the far northern cereal growth, and sensibly affect the climate of the region under consideration as far north as the Arctic circle and as far east as the eastern rim of the Mackenzie basin.

The Mackenzie is one of the largest rivers in the world and takes its rise in Great Slave lake, having three or four important rivers as tributaries. It has a length of 2,300 miles and enters into the Arctic Ocean. During the navigation season it is navigable from its mouth to Great Slave lake.

Recompact the Loosened Soil.

The value of the roller as a means of closing up injurious interstices in the soil, as well as for pressing heavy plant-roots into contact with the earth, and for evening the surface of meadows and mowing stones, etc., out of the way of the moving blades, is hardly appreciated in this country. Every well-equipped farmer in England has several rollers of different weights—heavy for rolling all meadow land in spring while wet, as we roll our lawns; a light one for smoothing the soil after sowing the smaller seeds, an iron roller for breaking clods, and a very heavy corrugated roller for heavy wheeling. A so-called "land presser" is extending its use, following the plows before the soil hardens too much by drying. It is a roller, compounded of three or more.

In our climate, of which summer droughts form annually a part, the closing up of the soil, so that moisture can climb up through it from below, is certainly as necessary as the surface cultivation, which by leaving an open mouth of earth with cavities, prevents the moisture from climbing further and through it, to be dissipated by wind and sun. The importance of firming the soil, so much insisted upon by the best cultivators, cannot be too much insisted upon. A friend, who has some very fine lawn which "runs to gether" compactly, and on which wheat plants "freeze out," has overcome the difficulty by only plowing two inches deep for wheat. He gets sure and heavy crops since he adopted this plan.—*W. G. Waring, Sr., in N. Y. Tribune.*

Feeding Pigs.

It is a fact that young pigs are often overfed and hurt, sometimes killed by overfeeding. When they begin feeding it is important that they be properly fed. Their future vitality depends upon this. One writing on this subject says: "They should never have all they will eat. Only fattening swine should be so fed, and they would soon die from overfeeding if they were not killed. When a young pig chokes at the trough, squeals and falls over in a fit, it is overfed; when it goes to the side of the stall, champs its jaws, foams at the mouth, and does nothing else than this, it has been overfed, and in both cases it is suffering from congestion of the brain, due to indigestion and disturbed circulation. It is in a state of apoplexy and will probably die, anyhow, but the others may be saved by at once reducing their feed about one-fourth of what they have been getting.

The prevalent paralysis of the hind limbs is caused by overfeeding by which the kidneys have been overtaxed and the nervous system of the lumbar region (the loins) is disturbed. Thus the power of motion of the hind legs is lost. Recent experiments in feeding young pigs go to show that a pig of 40 pounds

needs no more food per day than two quarts of milk and four ounces of solid food, such as bran or oats and corn meal. On this allowance, gradually increased, pigs made steady and healthy growth, while two others kept in a pen by themselves, and suffered to gorge themselves, became stunted, stopped growing and in the third week one was attacked by congestion of the brain and had to be starved out of it, losing fully two months' growth. When young pigs are weaned, from which they can take their food only very slowly.—*Indiana Farmer.*

Cotton-Seed Oil.

Formerly the cotton-seed was burned or thrown away as of no possible use. Now the oil expressed from it is more widely known, and is used for a greater variety of purposes than any other oil.

This remarkable growth in the uses of a product, which so recently was cast aside as worthless, is described in a very interesting lecture before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia by Mr. Robert Grimeshaw. At present about 800,000 tons of cotton-seed are used annually in making 28,000,000 gallons of oil, and its manufacture has become one of the most important industries in the country, especially when we take into consideration the numerous articles into whose composition it enters. These articles are principally food products, nine-tenths of the whole amount being used for that purpose, for the most part in making refined lard and salad and cooking oil.

Along the coast of Maine there are many establishments engaged in putting up young shad and herring in cotton-seed oil, as sardines, in imitation of the true sardines of Sicily and the south of France. But so also, nine-tenths of the European sardines are now cooked and boxed in the same oil, instead of the olive oil formerly in universal use. In the manufacture of lard it was first employed only to lower the chilling or stiffening point of stock intended for very cold climates; but at present three-quarters of all the lard made contains this oil, in proportions of from ten to twenty-five per cent, and the public prefer the mixture. Therefore manufacturers who began its use secretly now take pains to have the fact known, as an argument in favor of the purity, cleanliness and healthfulness of the product. To correct its fluidity beef fat is used, so that what is known as the refined lard of commerce now consists of three ingredients, hogs' lard, pressed fat beef, and refined cotton-seed oil. Some of the manufacturers use no hogs' fat at all, and claim for their product superiority over the other on the ground that disease is transmitted from swine. Such lard, of course, is popular among the Jews; but they are only a small part of its consumers.

The cotton-seed oil is also used for illuminating, and ranks between sperm, which has the highest illuminating power of all the burning oils, and lard oil, which comes next. It is employed in the making of soap for laundry, bath and toilet purposes, and the wool-oil mill soap made from it is far superior to all others that in this country it is now used chiefly; and the manufacturers of England, Scotland and the Continent prefer it to a large extent. It is more and more substituted for olive oil for all purposes whatsoever. It is used to some extent as a cosmetic in place of vaseline and similar substances. A washing powder is made from the soap stock; an oil cake as food for cattle is made from the seeds after the oil has been expressed; the ashes from the hulls are utilized as a fertilizer for sugar cane and root crops. Nothing is lost where once all was thrown away.

These are some of the many uses to which this oil is now put, and doubtless they will be further increased until the present amount of the manufacture will seem small in the comparison with the future demands. The great source of supply must continue to be from this country, for the American seed yields a clearer oil and is more easily treated than the Egyptian or the Indian. The crude oil is of a dark brownish green color, but when treated with alkaline solutions it becomes a clear yellow, odorless and flavorless.—*New York Sun.*

Agricultural Items.

The potato crop for 1888 was two hundred and thirty million bushels above that of 1887. Nine million bushels were imported to fill the shortage of the crop of 1887.

The Illinois State Grange has offered a prize of ten thousand dollars to the inventor of a machine or device which will successfully bind wheat and oats with straw. Its aim is to knock out the twine trust, and means business.

DAIRY schools seem to pay in Denmark. Nearly \$50,000 are expended for their maintenance, and within a score of years the exports of butter from Denmark have increased from \$2,100,000 to \$13,000,000 annually. The increase is due to knowing how to make good butter and then maintaining an even standard of excellence. Denmark has 900,000 cows and 900 co-operative factories.

WHERE winter wheat is a main crop, red root is one of the worst of weeds. It starts in growth in the fall, lives through winter, and whether the wheat be winter-killed or not, and perfects its seed before wheat harvest. If the weed is in the wheat now, pulling it out is the only remedy. While the ground is moist from rains is the best time to pull it, as the weed is firmly rooted, and will break off and sprout again if care is not taken.

LIME, says Mr. H. Stewart, is one of the best preservatives for timber in existence. It neutralizes the acid in it and solidifies the albumen, thus preventing decay. It is the best material for preserving shingles and fence posts from decay, and also the silos of buildings and the walls and floors; it prevents wet rot and dry rot, and if painted over the iron work of plows it will keep them from rusting. It should be used as a bedding for the beams and floors of cellars when these are of wood, for it is destructive to all kinds of fungi, and even that pernicious fungus which causes the rot of potatoes, and many others are prevented by its use.

THE Orange County Farmer wants the Spooner bill, which appropriates \$4,000 to each State for farmers' institutes, promptly killed, for the following reasons: "If it became a law, it would simply enlarge the hospital for political dead beats and adventurers. We, in the State of New York, are perfectly competent to conduct our own institutes. We want none under national management. Just

think of it! Why, they might send Wiley to us who would entertain us with his 'scientific pleasantness' or labor to prove that sorghum sugar is—or is not (we don't know which side of the fence he is on this week) the most profitable of farm productions. We would rather not be thus tutored. The aim of the bill is probably to provide some political pets with fat places. It should be killed."

THE Colorado Farmer is down on the "flax fallacy" as it calls the indications of an attempt to boom the culture of flax in this country, stimulated by a very enthusiastic letter from an Irish manufacturer of linen to the agricultural department. A statement made in this letter to the effect that a million acres of flax should produce from twelve million to fifteen million bushels of seed, and two and one-half million tons of flax straw, the total value of seed and flax straw aggregating one hundred million dollars, is questioned by the Farmer as follows: "A million acres of flax to produce fifteen million bushels of seed, and at the same time two and a half tons of flax straw per acre! The idea is preposterous. Fifteen bushels of seed is a large crop per acre for flax to yield. But, in addition, we are to get a half ton of flax straw per acre, to get which of good quality the flax must be pulled before the seed is ripe. Russia's two million acres of flax produced, in 1888, only one-eighth of a ton of flax straw per acre. We are to produce four times as much as the Russians do, in addition to getting twelve or fifteen bushels of ripe seed from each acre of green flax!"

The Poultry Yard.

Rice for Poultry.

I think all those that are anxious to raise all the chicks that they hatch, and have absolutely no bowel complaints to trouble them, should add rice to the bill of fare for chicks up to three months of age. I have found it a cheap and wonderfully quick flesh-forming food for young chicks intended for market, and for young ducks above all things the best. Cook it well, but do not let it get sloppy, putting one pint of rice to one quart of water and one quart of milk, and let it simmer slowly. The rice will swell out and each kernel be nearly separate; and as I usually have plenty of soy milk, I scald it and throw the curd among the rice, adding a small portion of salt, and sometimes sugar. When milk is not convenient, a few pieces of meat will add flavor to the rice. Some say bread soaked in water aggravates diarrhoea, and it most certainly does, and what is more, it will cause the disease, as one can easily prove if he wishes. It is not the water that does it, but the combination of bread and water. Let every one eat of this himself, especially after he has stood a few hours, and he will find it a very nauseous dish if often partaken of. I have bred poultry many years, and never have any trouble with raising chicks. I never had a case of gaes or cholera, and only once three cases of roup, occasioned by birds being put in a new house after an exhibition; but the house was too cold. These cases of roup were very slight and easily controlled, as they were promptly looked after.—*Rosine Agriculturalist.*

Rations for Fowls.

A New Jersey poultry raiser whose object is fowls for the market, and who believes in the use of a food containing all the material necessary for eggs, flesh and feathers, tells the *Orange County Farmer* what he thinks makes up such a ration:

"My ration in the laying season is for the morning feed an equal bulk each of chopped clover hay or green clover, corn meal and wheat bran. To this is added to each one hundred fowls, one quart of desiccated fish and the same of granulated beef scrap. This is thoroughly saturated with boiling water in a tobacco pan and stands an hour, when it is turned into a plank box to be mixed with a shovel, adding corn meal as long as the water in the pailful will moisten the entire mass. We use occasionally, by mixing in this feed, a tonic called 'Poultry Invigorator,' ground bone, charcoal and salt as often as we think is necessary. No other drugs are used in feed. This is the inviolable morning feed.

For night we use equal parts of corn, wheat and oats. For drink, pure water and skimmed milk daily the year round, having cows in milk in winter for that purpose. In the moulting season we use more corn and beef, and in the critical time, when feathers are ripening and egg production not yet begun, then drop off the beef and substitute the fish. Use as little corn as may be for they take on fat at this period with the greatest ease, which is ruinous to winter laying. A good preventive of fat is to make them work and scratch for their hard feed, and in fact this is a sound practice at any time. Plenty of exercise is a guarantee of fertile eggs and strong chicks.

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Horticultural.

THE WEST MICHIGAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The West Michigan Pomological Society held their June meeting at South Haven last week. There was a large local attendance, the fruit section of Western Michigan being generally well represented, and much interest was manifested.

I am sorry to say a matter was brought up, at one of the fullest sessions, which ruined the interest for that session at least. It was the offering of a resolution, the object of which was the preventing of any member of the West Michigan Society contributing fruit to the Detroit Exposition. It was apparent to all who were friendly to both the West Michigan and the State Horticultural Society, that it was meant as a thrust at the State Society, and simply, to use a slang phrase, because they "got there" first, and had made arrangements to take charge of the horticultural exhibit.

Shortly after the discussion of the subject, an appeal was made for members, as it was by this means the expenses of the Society were paid. This appeal met with very little response, and I fear it will ever be thus, as long as the spirit of some of its officers is allowed to "crop out" so strongly antagonistic to the State Society.

I am frank to say, if it had not been for this spirit shown, I should have been glad to deposit my dollar, as a member, and from expressions of others, I believe many would have done the same.

The State Horticultural Society may have done some things that would not please everybody, but I have been a close observer of its workings ever since its organization. It has always been very mindful of West Michigan in its representatives on the board, and I can but think the most of this antagonism arises, or arose, because there were not positions enough for all who were ambitious to fill such positions. And, Mr. Editor, I wish to say, I hold no position in either Society, nor would I accept one in either; but would like to see both flourish, and do much good. For this reason I make these criticisms.

In conclusion I will say, from my observation, I can call to mind no one organization which has done so much general good for the people of Michigan as the State Horticultural Society. The workers have been untiring, conscientious, and unselfish.

Early Tomatoes.

In the market gardens of this latitude early tomatoes are in the ground by the first of June, but in the family garden they can be often set out earlier with safety, as special protection can be given to a few plants when it cannot be used for a larger number. I remember an instance where tomatoes had been set in the ground for a week when a frost threatened; the plants were nicely lifted on a wheelbarrow, rolled into the barn, and the next day set again in the ground and they went on growing, while others left out were killed. When set against a fence or building they are usually safe from frost. A temperature below 34° kills the leaves and the tender stems, but the plants will live and sprout again from the root if left, but will produce fruit late. The best plants are those grown four inches apart in flats. They are, in a measure, stunted, but not drawn up into spindling form, and if set in rich earth they will grow with great vigor. Tomatoes like warmth and moisture, and frequent waterings will keep them growing.

As to varieties for the home garden, I consider Dwarf Champion as good as any, as the bush is compact and the plant is easily staked. A barrel hock, raised a few inches above the ground by stakes nailed to it, will make a sufficient support for it. If the crimson color is an objection, the Volunteer or Perfection, indeed, any of Livingston's seedlings may be substituted for it. There is little to choose among varieties as far as earliness is concerned. All of the early kinds will ripen within a period of ten days. The commercial fertilizers seem well adapted to the tomato, and a pint of any standard brand, well forked through the soil where the plant is to stand, is almost certain to bring large smooth fruit.

Whether it pays to stake tomatoes is a question. In the home garden it is well to stop the growth of the vine by pinching, to encourage early fruit; but for late fruit I let them run at will. Thinning out the laterals is given free circulation of the air is good practice, and helps to prevent rot, but the fruit often scalds if exposed to full sunshine. The best specimens of fruit will be found on the well-fed vines that have abundant room. Plants of Dwarf Champion can be set less than three feet apart, but the inster growers would find themselves crowded at this distance.—Garden and Forest.

Suckering Raspberries.

Mr. W. T. Smedley, of Pennsylvania, denounces all varieties of the raspberry that produce suckers from subterranean stems and roots; hence he recommends the cultivation of the blackcap instead of the red and golden varieties. "Why," he asks, "raise raspberries that make superabundant shoots?" If all tastes were like his it would not be difficult to assent to this view; but, fortunately, there are persons not disinclined to take a little extra labor in order to secure commensurate extra results. There are also many thousands of moderately healthy persons who do not possess the digestive organs of an ostrich, consequently cannot eat the blackcap raspberries, however much they may admire their flavor, on account of the superabundant number of gravel-like seeds which the best of them contain. All species and varieties of the raspberry are bad enough on this account, but the blackcaps are the most dangerous of the entire family, for the seeds are positively indigestible, and even without the grinding process to which they are subjected in the craw of many birds.

The more vigorous, hardy and productive varieties of the red raspberries produce suckers in great abundance, but if these are treated as weeds they are just as easily destroyed. The cultivator or plow should go among the rows early in spring, to break up the crust and mellow the soil compacted by rains and snows of winter; then about the

middle of May, or as soon as the suckers are two to six inches high, run cultivator between rows, and follow with hoe, cutting out all suckers not wanted for bearing canes the following season. This operation destroys weeds and suckers, and no further attention will be required until after the fruit is gathered; then the old bearing canes should be cut out and the new ones tied to the stakes. Such varieties as Turner, Rancocas, Wilmington, Cuthbert and Golden Queen in sandy soils produce an immense number of suckers, and often many feet distant from the parent stool; still, once cutting out, as directed, will keep them in subjection, and without injury to the bearing canes.—N. Y. Tribune.

Why Seedling Fruits Succeed Best where they Originate.

The Country Gentleman gives the answer to the above inquiry as follows:

The true explanation appears to be the following, taking for granted that when seeds are planted there is nothing in latitude and longitude that the seeds can know anything about; and warmth and soil being alike, they would produce the same varieties whether in England or Oregon. Subsequent action of climate may thin out the unsuitable ones. A thousand apple seeds, for example, are planted at Winnipeg. They have warm summers there, and all come up and grow. But the cold winters thin out nine-tenths, and the hundred that remain must be made very hardy,—not because the climate made them hardy, but because only those which were naturally hardy could endure the exposure. If the same seed had been planted in Mexico, probably some other hundred would have proved best adapted to that peculiar climate. It was common, years ago, for some pomologists to lay down the rule that European pears were not suited to this country, but the fact that the most popular pear, beyond all comparison, is the Bartlett, and the one variety which President Wilder would select if he could have but one—the Anjou, and the Boos, which Charles Downing named as the finest in quality, and the Superfin, which P. Harry placed first on the list,—are all foreigners, shows that a foreigner may find as genial a place to grow and develop as in its native soil. Varieties have often done better on new ground than at the place where the seed happened to germinate. The different climates thin the list and make the selections.

Fighting the Quince Borer.

The borer is one of the worst enemies the peach and quince grower has. Here is how Mr. R. H. Van Deusen, of Shaker Station, Ct., gets ahead of it and manages to have a healthy orchard and abundant crops, as given in *Farm and Home*: About the middle of May begin with the hoe to dig about the trees a hole about the size of a half bushel measure in circumference, being careful not to injure the bark, and digging down four or six inches or to the first main roots nearest the surface. Go over the whole orchard in this manner. Then make a trowel of hard wood—maple is preferable—with which clean the dirt away from the body of the trees with a broom. After three days examine for the borer, and if they are imbedded in the trunk of the tree, you can tell at a glance by their excrement, some times mixed with oozing gum, on the bark of the trunk. If any indications of borers are found, they should be cut out with a sharp knife. Then apply the compound with a paint-brush liberally, as far as the roots have been cleaned, and up the trunk eight to ten inches above the surface of the ground. Immediately sprinkle on all the powdered sulphur that the compound will hold, then haul up the earth about the tree, and the job is completed for the year. The compound is entirely harmless, and will not injure the tree. It is the disinfectant that keeps away the moth. The articles required to make one gallon of the compound are as follows: Fish oil three pints, soap made from wood ashes, three pints; whale oil soap, two pounds; pulverized sulphur, two pounds. Mix the oil with the whale oil soap first, beating the lumps up thoroughly so as to have a perfect emulsion. Then add the soft soap, and after mixing this thoroughly, stir in the sulphur. The more perfectly the mixing is done, the better. These ingredients can be obtained at almost every country store, and ought not to make the cost more than 60c per gallon. One man can mix a barrel of it in a day, and can apply it to 500 trees in a day. The application should be repeated every spring May 15 to the first of June, in latitude 42. If care is taken to thoroughly extract whatever borers may be in the trunks in the first place, and to apply the compound liberally, there will be no difficulty in the future.

The Prune.

T. Newell, in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, gives some useful information relative to the variety of the plum known as the prune. In Europe it is cultivated on a vast scale for drying purposes, and is an extensive article of commerce. Dried prunes are exported from France to every part of the world, and supply especially our own markets and tables. Certain varieties of plums as well as prunes are prepared for the market. The best prunes are made near Tours, of the St. Catherine plum and the Prune d'Agen; and the best French plums (so called in England) are made in Provence, of the White Perdigon and Prune d'Agen.

Dr. Doring, of Bristol, R. L., recommends the Wangenheim, Prince Engelbert, da Agen and Feilenburg; and says of the methods of cultivating: "In 1858 I planted a variety of plums, *e. g.*, Green Gage, Reine, Claude de Bavay, Washington, Damson, etc., in my grounds; they bore very fine fruit for a few years, but later succumbed to what is commonly called black knot. Notwithstanding all the care bestowed, by regularly cutting out the fungus spots, most all trees were ultimately destroyed and this induced me to try the prune in 1870. My young trees were grown from imported seed or prune stones, and these grafted or budded from imported bearing prune trees. Several of these I planted among the old affected plum trees, but these also grew finely and have showed no imperfections of the black knot."

"On a large farm in Illinois I made experiments by grafting the prune on young Damson seedlings, but they all got knotty, and I afterward had them destroyed; then I got those of Ellwanger and Barry, raised

and treated as mentioned above, which are doing finely and bearing abundantly. On my farm on Mount Hope Bay, which I sold in 1875, I planted in 1870, about 150 prune trees, from two to three years old. They were growing finely. In three years the Prune d'Agen Wangenheim blossomed and showed good fruit here and there; they were free from knot and curculio.

"I had planted, also in my garden, in Bristol, the same trees in 1870, which grew equally well. It took five or six years from the time of setting the trees out before they were really fruiting, but since then they have fruited every year. As all the fall fruit is picked up and destroyed, I have seen very few curculio of late. When the fruit began to set, I made use of the Jarring process, collected the insects and the fallen fruit and burned them. This I kept up until the insects were gone. The market value of good prunes is higher than that of plums. When the latter sell at \$3 to \$4 the prune will sell for \$8 to \$8, and the latter have the advantage, for the producers know that prunes will keep longer and do not rot as easily as plums, and when spread out on straw or mats will begin to dry, commencing at the stem part, but very slow; so that some prunes can be kept till nearly Christmas.

"The Prune d'Agen and Prince Engelbert are considered the best for drying, although they are very excellent fruit for the table. The Englebert is about the largest of these plums designated as prunes, and has a delicious taste when fully ripe."

Of the German prune, Mr. Newell says: This prune is said to be the most universal or most valuable fruit raised in Germany, Hungary, Saxony and all central Europe. Preserved, it is used in winter as a substitute for butter, by the laboring peasantry, and dried, it is a source of a large profit in commerce. There are many plans cultivated under the name of German prune, which differ in certain shades of character, since the popular way of increasing them is from the seed, without budding or grafting. It is a valuable class of plums, of good quality for the table, but most esteemed for preserving or drying; tree abundant bearer, fruit nearly two inches long, oval, peculiarly swollen on one side, is drawn out towards the stalk and hangs long on the tree; skin purple, with a thick, blue bloom; stalk, three-quarters of an inch long. Flesh firm, green, sweet and pleasant. I have one tree of this variety. Last year it ripened in October. Saw no signs of the rot.

Work in the Apple Orchard.

The points made by N. P. Deming, a Kansas orchardist, in a paper read before a county horticultural society, are thus epitomized by the *Kansas Farmer*:

Clover should not be sown in the orchard for the following reasons:

1. Clover makes growth the same time as the trees, therefore it absorbs the necessary moisture.
2. The round headed borer finds a good place to hide and deposit its eggs on account of the shade.
3. The tree hopper, another injurious pest, delights in the clover. It lays its eggs in the limb or the tree, causing them to become rough and retarding their growth, especially when the tree is young.
4. The hand-maid moth, one colony of which will strip the leaves as if by magic, finds a mellow soil to go into winter quarters, to come out the next year.

I know where I speak on the above subject, for my own orchard has suffered from the above reasons. The old borer is transforming into a beetle state, being two weeks earlier than usual. There are two distinct borer hunters; one works horizontally, the other in a perpendicular form. Both should be protected. I am now plowing my orchard. I give the trees a good wash of strong lye before putting the soil back. The sooner we come to our father's method the better our orchards will be. This I used under my father's instructions forty-eight years ago. It was good then, and is good now.

My next work will be spraying for the codling moth. Formula: Seventy or eighty gallons to one pound of London purple. This is done with a barrel and force pump in a wagon, two persons being needed to apply the mixture. It should be done when the apples are about the size of a Concord grape, or before they turn downward. No stock should be allowed to run in the orchard until heavy rains have washed the poison into the ground.

Clean cultivation is the best remedy for the root plant louse. First cultivate about the time the trees are making their growth, or in the fore part of May, keeping this up till about the first of August. Then the scythe should be used to keep the weeds down.

Culture of Petunias.

Few, if any, plants are more deservedly popular than these, for bedding purposes, greenhouse or window culture, producing showy flowers in the greatest profusion. The common varieties are single, showing white and all shades of mauve, flesh pink, rose, crimson and maroon. If trained they will grow to the height of eight or ten feet, and throw out many branches, affording a lovely screen for unsightly places.

The striped and blotched flowers of the tall growing, single varieties are very pretty, blooming from the middle of spring till killed by freezing in late autumn. The dwarf imbricate are upright growers and look like little trees; their height is not more than eight or ten inches, the flowers are cherry red with a white centre, pure white, and solid cherry red; all are single and bloom profusely. They serve admirably for bordering large flower beds.

The new hybrids or large flowering section, produce magnificent flowers twice the size of the old varieties and of the most beautiful shades of crimson, white, rose, maroon, etc., blotched, striped and veined in the most exquisite manner. Many are fringed, having large throats, some of which are yellow, and others purple. The double flowering strain are scarcely recognizable as petunias, so great has been the change brought about in them by florists in the last few years; the flowers show all the colors seen in the single sorts. Many are variegated, some are fringed, and all are double as a rose. There are also double flowering, dwarf growing kinds. All the single kinds, particularly the large throated, exhale the most delicious fragrance, when the dew is on them. The petunia is easily propagated by cuttings. These produce flowers like those

of the parent plant, but those grown from seed show bloom altogether different from their ancestors.

The double varieties are the result of artificial fecundation. The old plants may be potted, and will bloom in the house, if kept at a temperature of sixty degrees, during the entire winter. The dwarf imbricate is the best sort for potting, as they are of a neat habit and do not require support. To bloom well the plants require plenty of light, but very little sunshine; a very rich sandy soil, and a cool, moist situation are the suitable conditions for the petunia. Their culture is so easy as to place them in the reach of every lover of flowers and their beauty entitles them to a place in the collection of the most fastidious.—Rural Home.

For the Cabbage Maggot.

J. A. Lintner, State Entomologist of New York, says of this maggot, which is also a troublesome pest on the cauliflower, that a strong burdock infusion is an effective remedy for it, if applied as soon as its operations are discovered. When the larve have burrowed within the stalks they are out of reach of any application that can be made. The only course then is to take up and destroy the plant with the surrounding soil that may contain larve not yet within the stalk. The burdock infusion is made by cutting up a quantity of the stalks and leaves and mashing them to a pulp in a kettle or tub mixed with water. Let the mixture stand overnight, when it may be poured from the spout of a sprinkling pot at the base of each plant. Another remedy is to remove a little earh from around each stalk and apply caustic shell lime. Unleached ashes applied about the plants and washed in by rains are said to destroy the maggot. A kerosene emulsion made after the common formula, and reduced in the proportion of one part to twelve of water, should kill the larve without harm to the plants.

Proposed Apple Law.

A bill to regulate the packing of apples by law in Massachusetts, has been proposed by the growers and buyers of that State. It is claimed that the dealer suffers great hardship from buying apples for No. 1, simply upon the appearance of the top of the barrel. Without inspection he naturally sells the same for No. 1 and later on they turn out to be little better than cider apples. The grower has received his money and has little in common with the commission man or buyer, while the latter has to protect his customers and is the loser by the transaction. Poor packing of this description is very noticeable throughout the State of Massachusetts. Foreign buyers pay less for apples packed and branded as coming from that State than those received from Maine, New York and other apple States. For the purpose of raising the standard and preventing fraud in packing, the following bill has been proposed and recommended:

Apples should be graded and designated as follows: No. 1's, No. 2's and cider apples. No. 1's shall not be less than 1 1/2 inches in diameter. They shall be hand-picked, fair, smooth, and free from worm-holes and bruises.

No. 2's shall not be less than two inches in diameter. They shall be hand-picked, having only slight blemishes and not more than one worm-hole.

All other apples shall be designated as cider apples.

All apples shall be faced and pressed into the barrel. When second-hand barrels are used they shall be washed clean with clean water. Each barrel of apples shall be branded or written on the head with the name of the grower or packer and the grade of the apples. Each city and town shall appoint three inspectors of apples to serve without compensation by the town.

In case a dispute arises between the growers and buyers, either may appeal to an inspector who shall decide the question upon its merits. His decision shall be final. The party against whom the inspector decides shall compensate him in the sum of two dollars and the actual expense incurred for each question.

FLORICULTURAL.

The Plumbago is a fine half-hardy Chinese plant which has pretty blue flowers and is desirable because we have so few summer flowering plants of that color.

GERANIUMS, heliotropes, fuchsias, and other young plants, kept during summer with just enough water to keep alive and in pots small enough to prevent large growth, make good window plants in the winter. If young plants are not at hand, obtain them by rooting cuttings now.

Grow the Oriental poppy in clumps. The single varieties of Papaver are more desirable than the double. With good cultivation they make glowing spots of color in the border or against the background of shrubbery. There is now a yellow poppy, but for beauty there is nothing to equal the pure, vivid scarlet of the old red sort with the satin black spot at the base of each petal.

The *Germanicum* Telegraph of late date says: A large dandelion plant, having two hundred and twenty blossoms, opened and unopened, was found in Mt. Airy on Saturday. This is probably the largest plant of the kind ever discovered. A plant having thirty expanded blossoms and buds is considered a remarkable find. The plant when lifted completely filled a large wash basin and formed a perfect plateau of flowers.

To raise the tulip in perfection you need a rich, loamy soil, with a generous addition of sand and well rotted manure from the cow stables. Plant the bulbs in September or October, about four inches deep; cover with a mulch of leaves. The bulbs should be lifted and re-set one in about four years. Verbenas, petunias, portulacas, and such flowers can be grown in the tulip bed during summer without disturbing the tulips.

An Ohio man reports excellent success with *Clematis Jackmanii*, due, he believes to severe pruning. He says: "I merely cut it all to the ground every fall. The new wood grows to a height of nine to eleven feet early in the summer and is covered with a mass of bloom from two feet of the ground to the top, almost hiding vines and foliage. I have one plant that every spring throws up a score or more of shoots which I trim to a dozen, and no Clematis with old wood can be as handsome as this is every year."

If you wish to give flowers to a friend,

send a box of loose blooms for her to arrange to please herself rather than a "set bouquet," as the old lady said. If the recipient loves flowers, it will be a pleasure to her to handle and gracefully dispose them, a pleasure as great as that of possession. It is no compliment to a lady of taste and refinement to send her a florist's bouquet—a mass of wired blossoms with a paper petticoat around them. And send all one kind of flowers; at least never more than two sorts. Beautiful arrangement is impossible with a great diversity of blooms; a patchwork effect is inevitable. Each flower may be beautiful in itself, yet lose in juxtaposition with a neighbor.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *American Cultivator* tells us how to rid roses, whether grown in the open air or in pots, of the green slug which skeletonizes the leaves: Drive one or two stakes in the ground about the bush, allow them to extend a few inches above the top, over this spread a blanket or other large cloth, which must cover all the branches and touch the ground on all sides. Place under the bush a few coils of fire in a vessel, on this sprinkle some finely broken buds of very dry tobacco. Keep up a dense smoke for five minutes, but allow no blaze, as very little heat is fatal to the plant. The cloth may be removed at once, when all the worms, and the little green lice about the buds and ends of the shoots will have perished.

A fair trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum, or any affection caused by impure blood, or low state of the system, will be sufficient to convince any one of the superior and peculiar curative powers of this medicine. Buy it of your druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Horticultural Items.

FROSTS and cold weather have materially shortened the strawberry crop in this State.

The Wilson strawberry is the only berry used by canners. They require a firm, acid berry.

FROSTS have done a good deal of damage to strawberries in Western Michigan. The Sharpless seems to have suffered most.

A KANSAS man has just planted three miles of highway with shade trees. He is entitled to be called a public benefactor.

The Hale Brothers, of South Glastonbury, Conn., expect to harvest this year the largest crop of peaches ever grown on any one farm in New England.

SEVENTY-THREE carloads of strawberries from points between Cairo and Centralia, Ill., were shipped into Chicago the week beginning May 20.

SILICATE of potash is said to be a perfect fertilizer for the asparagus bed. It is better than the coarse oil, &c., used heretofore to afford the plant food necessary to strong growth.

SOME New York growers are disgusted at the rates paid for asparagus in the great city market, 75 cents per dozen bunches. One grower of Mattituck cut 1,012 bunches from four acres of ground at a cutting lately.

The cost of bunching asparagus, says W. J. Green, of the Ohio River Station, Station, may be reduced nearly one-half by using small rubber bands instead of strings. The bands are cheaper than labor. When they are used the bunches cannot fall to pieces.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society is propagating thousands of pot plants of the more common kinds, such as fuchsias, geraniums, heliotropes, and the like, for gratuitous distribution among poor people. All costs are paid by the Society, which has also offered prizes for the best exhibits of window gardens thus started.

FOR the cabbage maggot, the New Jersey Experiment Station advises watering the plants with kerosene emulsion mixed with 12 to 15 parts of water applied near the plants in quantity enough to soak down two inches, applied at intervals of two weeks, two applications; this has not been tried, but is a suggestion. Whether it is wise to suggest untried remedies, which may or may not prove effective, and which may cause damage, remains to be seen. It is supposed to be the province of the Stations to try the experiments.

QUITE a feat was recently performed in Chicago—the removal of twin elms, the largest at least 100 feet high, into Graceland cemetery from a point a mile distant. The trees stood six feet apart, and both roots and tops were so interlocked that no attempt was made to separate them. The mass moved was between 15 and 20 tons in weight, and 30x60 feet in size. It was underridden, placed on timbers, raised by jackscrews to the level, and the house-mover's rollers and tackle conveyed the mass to the new home, the trees upright as they grew. The trees have left out this spring. The cost of the removal approximated a thousand dollars.

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Beecham's Pills
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box," but sold for 25 cents.
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I have been successful in the production of Comb Honey for the past ten years, and my little pamphlet "How I produce Comb Honey," briefly explains the method I pursue. By mail, 5 cts. per copy. For \$1.00, I will send you a copy of my illustrated price list of general supplies, bees and Queens.
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M. H. HUNT, Bell Branch, Mich.
Reference—Editors MICHIGAN FARMER.

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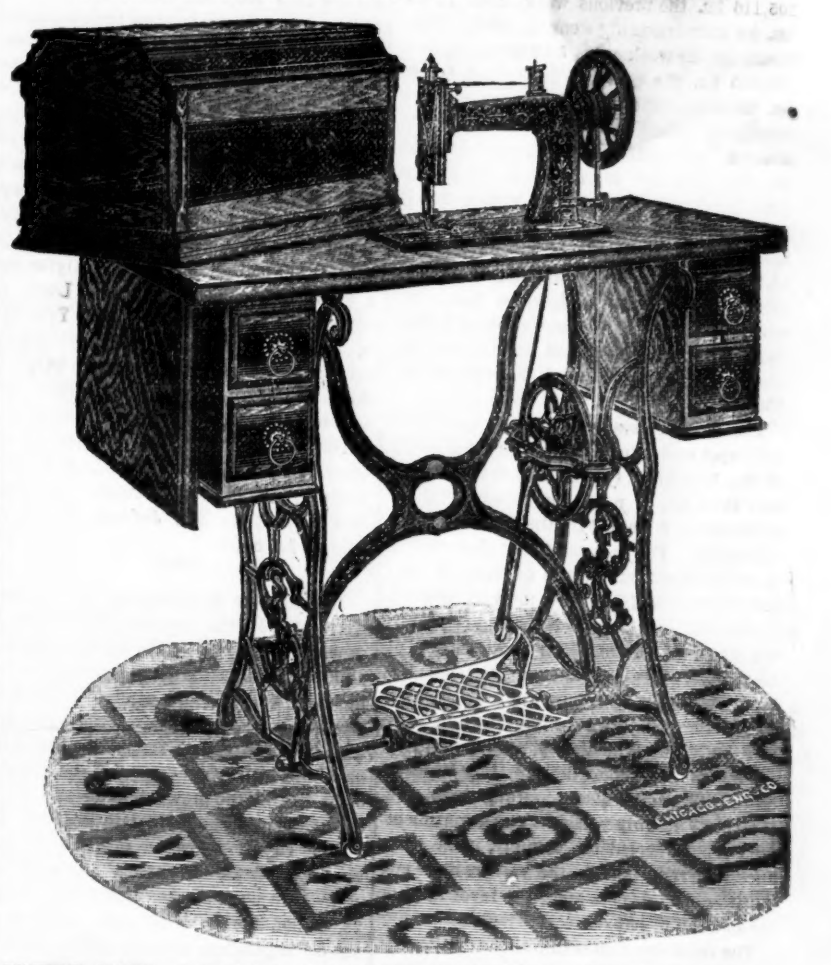
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HIGH-ARM IMPROVED SINGER.

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DETROIT, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 34,568 bu., against 105,116 bu. the previous week, and 71,338 bu. for corresponding week in 1888. Shipments for the week were 50,800 bu., against 100,835 bu. the previous week, and 80,680 bu. the corresponding week last year. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 45,165 bu., against 54,999 bu. last week, and 275,153 bu. for the corresponding date in 1888. The visible supply of this grain on June 8 was 18,952,181 bu. against 20,305,515 bu. the previous week, and 25,752,815 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 1,314,635 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 6,860,634 bu.

The week closes with a strong market in both spot and futures. An advance is noted in No. 1 white of 4½¢ since our last report, and 4¢ in No. 2 red. The advance in futures ranges from 1½¢ to 1½¢, the latter for June deliveries. The advance yesterday was ½¢ @ 1¢ on the various grades of spot in this market, and ½¢ to 1½¢ on the various deals in futures. At Chicago the advance yesterday was 1½¢ to 1½¢ from the previous day, at New York 1½¢ to 1½¢, and at St. Louis 1½¢ to 1½¢. The strength noted in the market comes from late reports from the Northwest and the Mississippi Valley, and from cable reports of the condition of the Russian crops. There is also a strong dread of a "corner" in July wheat. The government crop report, issued on Monday, is at variance with reports from the various State authorities, and dealers appear to favor the latter as more nearly correct.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat in this market from May 15th to June 14th inclusive:

| | No. 1 | No. 2 | No. 3 |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| May 15 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 16 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 17 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 18 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 19 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 20 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 21 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 22 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 23 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 24 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 25 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 26 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 27 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 28 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 29 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 30 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| June 1 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 2 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 3 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 4 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 5 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 6 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 7 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 8 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 9 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 10 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 11 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 12 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 13 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |
| " 14 | 92 1/2 | 89 1/2 | 87 1/2 |

In futures the market showed more activity yesterday than for some time, and all the deals closed strong.

The following is a record of the closing prices on the various deals in futures each day during the past week:

| | June | July | Aug. | Sept. |
|-----------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| Saturday | 82 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 |
| Sunday | 82 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 |
| Monday | 82 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 |
| Tuesday | 82 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 |
| Wednesday | 82 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 |
| Thursday | 82 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 |
| Friday | 82 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 | 77 1/2 |

There is some talk of a July "corner" in Chicago, but so far the symptoms are rather weak.

It is announced that the Russian wheat crop is a comparative failure this year.

It looks as if there was a chance to manipulate the market on near futures, as the season has undoubtedly been put back two weeks by the wet and cold weather.

Wheat for milling is scarce all through the Northwest.

Daily Business, of Chicago, says: "The wheat market ranged higher to-day, and contrary to expectations sentiment is veering around bullishly. The quotations in all the markets of the country testify to the fact that the government report has been and is discredited. Private information is overwhelmingly in support of the theory of poor prospects in the Northwest, and not above an average crop in the Ohio river States, and speculators are very generally operating independent of official estimates."

Advices from the Northwestern wheat fields are less favorable than expected, not so much in point of yield as on account of the non-realization of hopes of phenomenal early movement from that section.

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending June 1 were 237,690 bu., more than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending May 15 the receipts are estimated to have been 238,261 bu. over the consumption. The receipts show an increase for those eight weeks of 5,771,336 bu. as compared with the corresponding eight weeks in 1888.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending June 1, 1889, are as follows:

cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 460,000 bu., of which 230,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 230,000 for the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cable, amounted to 820,000 bushels, of which 400,000 went to the United Kingdom, and 420,000 to the Continent. The shipments from that country from April 1, the beginning of the crop year, to June 1, aggregated 5,140,000 bu., of which 2,800,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 2,340,000 bu. to the Continent. For the corresponding period in 1888 the shipments were 8,520,000 bu. The wheat on passage from India May 21 was estimated at 2,400,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 3,520,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Friday was quoted quiet with light demand. Quotations for American wheat were as follows: No. 2 winter, 6s. 4½d. @ 6s. 5d. per cental; No. 2 spring, 7s. 0½d. @ 7s. 1½d.; California No. 1, 6s. 8½d. @ 6s. 9½d.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 9,250 bu., against 16,501 bu. the previous week, and 7,539 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. Shipments for the week were none, against 1,736 bu. the previous week, and 5,180 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. The visible supply of corn in the country on June 8th amounted to 12,020,237 bu., against 11,607,931 bu. the previous week, and 11,105,065 bu. at the same date in 1888. The visible supply shows an increase during the week indicated of 412,306 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 40,645 bu. against 56,797 bu. last week, and 25,346 bu. for the corresponding date in 1888. There is nothing new to be said regarding corn. Neither the position of the market nor values have changed during the week. The prospects for the new crop are not brilliant in this State. A great area has had to be replanted, and that means danger from frosts before it is matured. Replanting as late as this, and we know considerable ground has been replanted the past week, will make the crop fully two weeks late. So far these unfavorable conditions have not affected the market. No. 2 is selling here at 34½¢ for spot and July, No. 3 at 33¢, while No. 2 yellow is quoted at 36¢, and No. 1 white at 37¢ per bu. Other markets are slightly higher than a week ago. Chicago and St. Louis advanced 4½¢ yesterday, and New York ½¢ @ 1½¢. At Chicago spot No. 2 closed at 33½¢ for spot, 34¢ for June futures, 34½¢ for July, and 35½¢ for September. The rains are stopping shipments from the west.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted steady with fair demand. No mixed western, 8s. 8d. per cental. In futures May sold at 3s. 8d., June at 3s. 8d., and July at 3s. 8½d.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were 35,905 bu., against 27,458 bu. the previous week, and 29,335 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 1,388 bu., against 3,925 bu. the previous week, and 5,543 bu. for same week in 1888. The visible supply of this grain on June 8th was 6,835,310 bu., against 6,335,093 bu. the previous week, and 6,335,093 bu. at the corresponding date in 1888. The visible supply shows a decrease of 1,722 bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held here amount to 31,303 bu., against 33,652 bu. the previous week, and 48,545 bu. the corresponding week in 1888. Oats are doing a little better, and we note a slight improvement in values in all grades. No. 2 white are now quoted at 38¢ per bu., light mixed at 27¢, and No. 2 mixed at 25½¢. The growing crop is rapidly improving under the very conditions which have damaged the prospects of the corn crop. But the crop will not be as heavy as last year. At Chicago the market is more active at a slight advance. No. 2 mixed spot are quoted at 22½¢ per bu., No. 2 delivery at 23½¢, and June delivery at 22½¢, and July at 22½¢, closing firm. The New York market is quoted moderately active and steady at an advance on white and all grades of futures. Quotations yesterday were as follows: No. 2 white, 35¢; mixed western, 36¢; No. 2 white, 35¢; mixed western, 36¢; No. 2 white, 35¢; mixed western, 36¢.

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Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending June 1, 1889, are as follows:

up at 15¢. Lower grades are plenty and very dull, with some offering at 12¢ to 13¢. Imitation creamery quiet and tame easy. Fresh factory held at 11½¢ to 12¢ for best makes, but selling slowly. Under grades have some call from Continental exporters at about 8¢ to 10¢.

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

| | Eastern Stock. |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|
| Creamery, State, full cream, fancy | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, extra | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, common | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, low | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, very low | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 1 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 2 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 3 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 4 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 5 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 6 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 7 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 8 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 9 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 10 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 11 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 12 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 13 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 14 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 15 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 16 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 17 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 18 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 19 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 20 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 21 | 17 1/2 |
| Creamery, State, full cream, no. 22 | 17 1/2 |
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Poetry.

WE JUST MADE A FARMER OF JIM.

BY MRS. W. B. AUSTIN.

Four brave, heavy boys—and our fond, foolish
Hearts high in their joy and their pride;
Four treasures immortal intrusted to us
To rear and to guard and to guide.

It was ours to fathom the gifts of each mind,
To study the depths of each heart,
And discern, if we might, just the labor of life
That Dame Nature designed for their part.

We had pondered it long, but was settled at last
That our Henry a teacher should be,
And our John, who should be, for a lawyer was
born.

And our Joseph should make an M. D.;
But the fourth was so quiet and queer in his way
That 'twas hard to decide about him.
And we needed his help, so we said with a sigh,
"We'll just make a farmer of Jim."

So the three went forth from the farm-yard gate
In the kingdom of books to toll,
To delve scholastic lore—while Jim
He delved in the farm's rich soil.

'Twas a goodly sum we had garnered by
For use in this hour of need;
'Twas the savings of the frugal years,
But 'twas spent with a reckless speed.

'Twas a goodly sum—like the wind it went,
And the three never knew how we planned,
How we worked and scribbled and struggled
And saved.

To furnish their large demand,
And Jim—how he tottered through the ceaseless
round
Till each welcome day was done;
Undaunted by the scorching storm
Or the noontide's scorching sun.

With plow and sickle, through crowded days,
He wrought till the fields were worn,
And girded in sheaves was the harvest's grain,
And garnered the golden corn.

It was hard—so hard—through the weary months,
Yet not a complaint from Jim,
Though all went out to the three abroad,
And nothing remained for him.

Deeds grand and brave the soldier does
In the midst of the battle's strife,
Yet naught that is nobler will be known
Than this patient, unselfish life.

But 'twas over at last, and from college halls
Came forth the children three,
Full of unknown words, and of high ideas,
And of hopes for the days to be.

And they went abroad on the world's highway
To learn that a language dead
From the soft green earth and the tender skies,
From the mountain and the surge sea,
That he learned of the deeper meaning of life,
Learned its scheme and scope sublime,
And in calm, that brood in the solitude,
Learned the needs of the soul divine.

Unfettered by rule of measure or school,
His mind looked upon the sod,
And his thoughts grew broad as the universe,
And deep as the things of God.

And the people came and besought our Jim
Of his knowledge to impart,
And he taught with the simple eloquence
That thrills through the human heart.

And they bowed them down to this son of toil,
And they cried that the nation's need
Was his steady brain and his noble heart
And his honor in word and deed.

And they came from the near and they came
from the far,
And they wouldn't take "no" from him,
But they crowned him with title and wealth and
fame.

And they made a statesman of Jim.
The years they are by, and I sit and sigh
O'er the fate of the children three,
For the world's been unkind to the lawyer born
And the M. D. and the D. D.

I think of their striving, struggling lives,
And then I think of our Jim—
And I think the Lord we had the sense
To make a farmer of him.

—Dairy World.

Miscellaneous.

BUT THEN—

BY GRACE L. FURNISS.

It all came from our going to a matinee.
Deacon Judkins, he said the theatre was
immoral, or worse. But then—that didn't
hinder me from going, for the deacon makes
a point of crowding on all, and bearing
down on everything in creation that's pretty
or pleasant; moreover, he rooted up my faith
in his judgment by saying right out in meet-
ing, with his eye on my new bonnet, "that
all bright colors was glaring abominations,
specially red, which was more suited to the
liveries of Satan than the garments of con-
sistent members." And says I, after meet-
ing, "Deacon, wouldn't it be more consist-
ent if you was to put a coat of whitewash on
your live-stock? Looks dreadful bad," says
I, "to see four cows and a horse skipping
about a deacon's barn-yard in Satan's
liveries! Seems so, don't it?"

Since when there's been a coolness betwixt
us, and a tendency to glare and contradict
on both sides. So when Mary B. Gardner
said she'd admire to go to a matinee if I
'twasn't for what the deacon said, I fired
up, and says I, "Mary B., I've lived thirty-
four years in Hyasset, and never, from the
time I was born, till I died, did I ever
leave me free to touch the worldly
goods he endowed me with on our wedding
day—never in all that time did I do any-
thing that wasn't prudent, and cautious,
and saving, and thrifty, and consistent, for
fear of what some one would say, till I'm
like one of my own old dresses; that side of
me is worn white, and I've ripped up and
turned, and now the other side of me is go-
ing to have a chance. I've never seen New
York before—maybe I never shall again—
and while I'm here I mean to do a hooter.
That's why I invited you to cruise along at
my expense, and put up at the Coleman
House, instead of stopping at home and
shingling the barn, or putting the money in
the bank. I'm sick of saving. As for the
deacon," says I, "he ain't never been
appointed a committee to sit on my con-
science, as I've heard of. But then—"

Says I, "don't let me take you against your feel-
ings. It's kind of a poor return after my bring-
ing you, and giving you a real stylish suit of
city clothes, and showing you all the sights.
But then—"

"I'm not judging. I was only thinking of
what Sarah Hodges would say. You know
she's always calling me frivolous and a
gadabout, and pitying Frederick R. for not
having a steady, sensible wife."

"Like her Sally," says I, "who all Hyasset
knows, flung herself at his head. Yes, it's
likely she might talk if she knew. But then
—I hadn't thought of telling her. Hyasset
will be set up in gossip for the season when
it sets eyes on our new things, especially
that veil of yours, which is for all the world
like those nets they wear trout-fishing in
black-fly time, except its got ruffles top and
bottom."

"So it is," says Mary B., staring at her-
self in the glass. "But it's a real cute idea
for these wide hats; and its becoming, isn't
it?"

"Oh, fair to middling!" says I, for I wasn't
going to make her vain. Mary B. is dread-
fully pretty, having a tangle of fluffy yellow
hair and a skin like strawberries and cream.
And her new things set her off so that every
other woman we met would screw up her
eyes at her, and whisper, like steam escap-
ing, "paint!" Which I considered highly
flattering, for you'll never find anybody who
ain't quite willing to admit that all your
defects is perfectly natural, while at the same
time they never seem to realize that a
healthy skin is more dazzling than any paint
going. But then—that's neither here nor
there. We settled to go to the theatre, and
the next question was, where should we get
dinner.

"Oh, Cousin Lydia, not here," says Mary B.
"It's so fearful marching up that long
dining-room, trying to pretend you don't see
all the people eying you over. I s'pose they
know we're from the country."

"No, it's not that," says I, "for I've been
watching ever since we've been here, and
there's just two ways of getting to the tables.
There's the hasty style, as though you was
very important and busy, which is very good,
if you don't happen to run into a waiter;
and there's the slow procession style, with
the eyes fixed on vacancy and a sort of
just-come-from-viewing-the-remains expres-
sion, which is trying to all parties; and as
neither is pleasant, we'll go out and find
some place where they're not so stylish."

And so we did, finding a comfortable
place called a "Dairy," where we sat up to
a counter, and the girl filled Frederick G.'s
bottle without any of the titillating that those
hated waiters got off about it.

Frederick G. is Mary B.'s baby—the "G."
being used, Hyasset style, to distinguish
him from Frederick R., his father, Fred-
rick M., his grandfather, and Frederick L.,
a cousin—and a dreadful good child he is, too;
so that we never thought of his being a
hindrance, not once through all our cruise,
till we got to the Moon Theatre and was
reading a yellow bill by the door, which said
that a matinee of the musical extravaganza,
Puss in Boots, was to be given at two o'clock.
Then it went on to remark that there
was to be two hundred "knights in
silver armor," and oh, I don't know what
all, and says I,

"There, Mary B. There can't be anything
so very bad about a good old-fashioned fairy
story like Puss in Boots, and I'm going to
get the tickets. But then—" says I, "what
ever are we to do with Frederick G.? It
says, 'Carriages may be ordered at five
o'clock,' and he never would be quiet three
hours, even if there wasn't anything in the
play to scare him, such as shooting or
screams. Think how we'd feel to have to
take him out, with everyone turning their
heads!"

"I'd be mortified to death," says Mary B.
"And yet what could we do with him? What
do New York women do with their babies
when they want to go to matinees? Cousin
Lydia," says she, very resolute, "there's an
easy way of doing everything else in this
city, and the baby question is no new one,
and I don't believe but what there's an easy,
patent way of disposing of them tempora-
rily. Perhaps that ticket man has an ar-
rangement."

"Seems likely," says I. "Anyway, I'll
ask. And I'll tell him we'll take two tick-
ets if he'll take Frederick G., so as to make
it a kind of object for him." And so I did.
My! but you ought to have heard him
laugh! Said he wasn't an orphan asylum.
"Why I'd be knee-deep in infants if I
went into that business," says he. "Why
don't you send him—wherever you're board-
ing?"

"We're not boarding," says I, with digni-
ty. "We're stopping at the Coleman House;
been there a week. As to sending him—
send him how?"

"I s'pose, new, he couldn't just sit there
with him till we came, could he?" says I,
very bland, to the young man. "Of course
we'd pay him whatever was right."

"Yes, you could pay him by the hour,"
says the young man.

"But then—" says I, "he must be fed at
three o'clock, and the boy must—"

"Here, 48; come here and take your in-
structions from this lady," calls he, very
cort. But then—I didn't blame him a mite,
for he was dreadful busy.

Well, 48 came up smiling; and he was a
real lovely boy, in a nice clean blue uniform.
And he said he "guessed he'd get along all
right, 'cause he was used to minding babies
at home, and liked 'em; and wouldn't go to
any tres, or set Frederick G. down once till
he reached the hotel." And after promising
all this, he picked up Frederick G., who took
to him at once, and putting the bottle in his
pocket, started off whistling.

"And now," says I to the clerk, "please
give us a receipt kind of quick, because we
were going to a matinee."

"We don't give any receipts, madam,"
says he. "When the messenger delivers
the goods he gets his check signed, and re-
turns it to us, so that we know everything
is correct." With that he went on writing,
and seemed to think he'd settled everything
satisfactorily. But then—he hadn't, to my
way of thinking; and I just given him a piece
of my mind, and let him know we were not
to be imposed on if we were from the coun-
try. And when I got through he looked at
me exasperated, scribbled a few words on a
scrap of an envelope, shoved it at me, and
says he: "There, madam, I think that is
sufficient. Good-morning."

"Received in good condition, one baby.
N.B.—Company not responsible for break-
ages. All goods at risk of the owner."

Kind of an informal, good-sounding re-
ceipt, wasn't it? But then—as I said to
Mary B., 'twasn't really necessary to have it;
and 'twas just as binding as though it
was a slip of paper.

So she slipped it in her glove, and we
marched into the theatre, congratulating
ourselves on having disposed of Frederick
G. in such a stylish way.

"Now, Mary B.," says I, as we settled
ourselves in our seats and shook out the
play-bills—"now we'll see if the theatre is
immoral or not; and we'll also see what they
mean by a 'Musical Extravaganza.'"

But then—we didn't find out, for, as I
said to Mary B., the dresses of the women
was constructed on a cool and economical
pattern, and far from extravagant. "There
is certainly no waste of material," says I,
rather sarcastic.

"If I s'pose they think if the gown looks kind
of fluffy and fairy-like, its immaterial about
the stuff," says Mary B., blushing.

And it certainly did. But then—it was
dreadful pretty and funny, and I shan't
never forget it, specially the premiere dan-
seuse, which, I believe, is French for the
first lady of the ballet. She featured old
Nancy Quad (the last Indian in Hyasset)
enough to be her twin, if you could picture
Nancy decked out in a short white dress
and a big blue hat, coming catwalked across
a theatre on one leg, while the other beat
time to the music, and she smiling deter-
mined at the audience, as much as to say,
"How's that considering my years?"

However, it was splendid. And when the
curtain went down for good I could have
cried, and Mary B. felt similar.

"Cousin Lydia, I'd like to be a play-ac-
tress," says she, sighing; "seems like it was
more interesting than being a farmer's wife,
and working 'rever and 'rever.'"

"Don't talk wild, Mary B.," says I.
"Well, I don't care! I do think so," says
she, crowding out in the aisle, and jerking
her elbow into a woman who pushed her.

"Look at that Puss-in-Boots girl," says
she, scowling. "She don't have to cook, and
milk, and churn, and scrub, and tend baby,
and wear her life out in a desert like Hyas-
set."

"Don't fly in the face of Providence,"
says I. "Elephants musn't dance on tight-
ropes, 'cause if you had been intended for a
play-actress, Providence wouldn't have lo-
cated you in Hyasset. It's all for the best."

"Is it?" says she, dropping down the
corners of her mouth. "Well, I hope Provi-
dence won't put it into Frederick G.'s head
to start another tooth-to-night, for I don't
seem to feel inspired to sit up with him.
There!"

"Oh I guess he won't," says I, very sooth-
ing; and I guess we'd better step along
kinder quick; it's nearly dark. And Mary B.,
says I, "I s'pose we needn't mention
having been to the theatre. You know—"

Here I shut my mouth with a snap, for
right in front of us, advancing with a hor-
rified expression, was Sarah Hodges, who
knew Mary B. a grudge for cutting her
daughter out, and was the biggest gossip in
Hyasset. Of course 'twasn't any use to
pretend we didn't see her, so I put a bold
face on it, and rushed right up to her, and
says I, "Well, now, who'd have thought of
seeing you here, Sarah?"

"I callate you didn't," says she, eying the
theatre very grim. Then dropping her eyes
to our clothes, she eyed them cross-eyed,
and says she, "You seem to have done con-
siderable shopping."

"Of course we have," says I, with a pity-
ing look over her from bonnet to shoes; "and
I s'pose you've come to get your summer
things too?" Which was mean of me, 'cause
I knew she had that slate-colored alpaca suit
made by Miss Meeger, a nice woman, but a
dreadful poor hand to fit. She couldn't
never seem to keep her mind on who she
was planning for, so ten to one your dress
would maybe fit someone in the next parish,
but was painful to behold on you. But then—

"I came to get a new set of 'uppers,' and
got a lovely one for twelve dollars," snaps
Sarah. Here she smiled very bitter, and
showed us the new uppers, glistening like
a row of tombstones seen through the little
end of a spy-glass. "As for clothes," she con-
tinued, in a higher key, "I consider Hyasset
things more suitable for a farmer's wife than
city things," says she, glaring at Mary B.'s
French Directory hat and coat and my new
Irish peasant circular, of the out of Conna-
mar."

"Every one to their taste," says I, very
careless. "These are our 'come-seldom-high-
old-festival' things," says she, not to en-
tail feed chickens, nor churn, nor so forth, in
'em; but we do calate not to go to meeting
looking like we'd been washed in by the

tide," says I, pointing this remark by an-
other look at her sallow, which looked as though
it had a gathering-string in each seam.

"I'm indeed!" says she, snapping down
her new uppers very vicious. "Well, I
guess Hyasset can bear it. There's a prov-
erb you remind me of, ending, 'are soon
parted.' And you've been to the theatre too,
haven't you?"

"I have," says I, very calm; for I wasn't
going to let her see I was provoked at having
her know it.

"I'm! Well, it's none of my affair," says
she.

"That's a fact," says I.

"But I must say," says she, "that it's a
very queer place for two consistent church
members to go. And, good gracious! where's
Frederick G.?" says she suddenly.

"He's at our hotel, in good hands," I
said, giving Mary B. a nudge. "And it's time
we were there too, as we're going back to-
morrow, and have all our packing to do.
So we'll say good night. S'pose we'll see
you on the train to-morrow," says I, as a
kind of a hint that we should part.

But then—Sarah wasn't taking hints.
Says she: "Oh, I'll walk right along with
you. I've got through my errands, so I'll
have a plenty of time to see Frederick G.
My! he's just too cute! As my Sally says,
it's a wonder Mary B. can bear him out of
her sight. But Sally is different from most
girls."

"Yes, she's further along in years than
most of 'em," says I, very composed. "I
s'pose she's about give up all her—um—idea
of marrying now, hasn't she?"

"I don't know about that," says Sarah,
tossing up her head. "She could be engaged
this minute if she'd a mind to. But she's
not in such a hurry as some."

"Seems so," says I, very cordial—"seems
so. But here we are at our hotel; and I
won't ask to have you come in," says I, very
pointed, "for its late, and we're all beat
out."

"Well, I'm beat out too," persisted Sarah,
"so I'll step in and see Frederick G. while
I'm resting. Unless," says she, with a
sneaky smile—"unless there's something you
don't care to have me see."

"I don't call to mind any secret murder
or whatever," says I, dryly, with an ex-
asperated look at Mary B. "So step into the
parlor, and we'll wait while Mary B.
gets the key from the office."

"Seems to be a nice little hotel," says
Sarah, sitting down and staring about very
patronizing. "How much might you pay?"

"I might pay ten dollars a day if I had
one of the best rooms," says I, "but I
haven't, so I pay four dollars."

"What about him?" says I, scared to
death.

"The boy—hasn't been here at all!" she
panted. "What shall we do? Oh, Cousin
Lydia! Cousin Lydia!"

"Boy? Hasn't brought him? What's
that?" cried Sarah.

But then—I didn't stop to answer her,
but flew to the office, Mary B. after me, full
tilt, and following her Sarah, wild with cu-
riosity.

"Do you mean to tell me that Mary B.
Gardener's baby hasn't come home yet?"
says I, to one of the clerks. "He left us at
half past one, promising to come straight
here."

"There has not been any child sent here
to-day," says he, very decided.

"Excuse me, sir, but you're mistaken,"
says I. "We sent Frederick G. up by a nice
boy and a bottle of milk in a blue uniform
who is responsible by the company. But then—
there's no trusting boys, and we've a re-
ceipt anyway, and we demand that child—"
"There is no child here,"

"Perhaps there's a bottle of milk in a blue
uniform loose about the hotel, Charley,"
says a very pretty young fellow, who was lean-
ing on the counter staring at Mary B.

"Be quiet! Don't you see this is not a
joke?" says the clerk, very fierce. Then,
turning to Mary B., says he: "You say you
sent your child here by a messenger and got
a receipt. Kindly let me see it."

"Sent Frederick G. by a messenger? Well!
well!" groaned Sarah.

"You hush up, Sarah Hodges!" says I,
turning on her so sharp that she jumped.
"And hand over that receipt, Mary B.,"
says I.

"Oh yes, the receipt. Here it is," says
Mary B., fumbling in her glove in a dazed
way, and handing over a scrap of paper to
the clerk, who took it, and kept on calling,
and says she, "You seem to have done con-
siderable shopping."

"Of course we have," says I, with a pity-
ing look over her from bonnet to shoes; "and
I s'pose you've come to get your summer
things too?" Which was mean of me, 'cause
I knew she had that slate-colored alpaca suit
made by Miss Meeger, a nice woman, but a
dreadful poor hand to fit. She couldn't
never seem to keep her mind on who she
was planning for, so ten to one your dress
would maybe fit someone in the next parish,
but was painful to behold on you. But then—

"I came to get a new set of 'uppers,' and
got a lovely one for twelve dollars," snaps
Sarah. Here she smiled very bitter, and
showed us the new uppers, glistening like
a row of tombstones seen through the little
end of a spy-glass. "As for clothes," she con-
tinued, in a higher key, "I consider Hyasset
things more suitable for a farmer's wife than
city things," says she, glaring at Mary B.'s
French Directory hat and coat and my new
Irish peasant circular, of the out of Conna-
mar."

"Every one to their taste," says I, very
careless. "These are our 'come-seldom-high-
old-festival' things," says she, not to en-
tail feed chickens, nor churn, nor so forth, in
'em; but we do calate not to go to meeting
looking like we'd been washed in by the

help Mrs. Gardner, while this lady and
straightened out this matter."

And Sarah let him bow her out as meek
as Moses. But then—she was a powerful
masterful man, used to having his own way.
"Now," says he to me, "you seem to
have a head on your shoulders. Where did
you leave this child, Mrs.—er—"

"Purvine," says I—"Lydia Purvine."

"Well, Mrs. Purvine, where was this of-
fice?"

"Next door but two to the theatre," says
I, feeling that things would go all right now
we had a man at the helm.

"What theatre?" says he, impatient.

"I don't know," says I, which sounded
foolish. But then—I didn't know, having
lost my senses almost from fright and an-
xiety.

"Up town or down?" says he.

"I don't know," says I.

"Grant me patience!" says he. "What
do you know, madam?"

"Nothing," says I, dolefully; "but
couldn't I go round to all the messengers'
places till I hit the right one?"

"Take you all night," says he. "Mean-
time this confounded baby may be lost, run
over, drowned. I never heard of such a per-
formance—never! Just like a woman. I
tell you," says he, with a triumphant look.
"We'll put the affair in the hands of the
police. Ought to have done that first. Wait
here, and I'll telephone them."

"S'op, sir!" I cried. "I won't have it.
There never was a Gardner in the hands of
the police yet, and poor little Frederick G.
shan't be."

"But you don't understand," says he.

"I understand too well," says I, rushing
at the door. "I'll go myself."

"Wait, Mrs. Pur-
vine," cries he, running
after me. "Wait. Take a bell-boy with
you, you'll get lost too."

"I've had a rental sufficiency of boys,"
says I, and slammed the door in his face,
and set off back-a-lilt down the street.

To be Continued.

A Pair of Silver Handcuffs.

There is a Le Droit Park young lady who
wears a unique bracelet. It is a pair of sil-
ver handcuffs of the most approved pattern,
and joined by a short silver chain. They
were presented to her by Inspector Byrnes,
of New York City. She had the on at Car-
roll Hall the other afternoon, where a re-
hearsal of the minut for the repetition of
the "Mother Goose" entertainment was in
progress.

A well-known and popular East Wash-
ington gentleman and the beautiful daughter of
a prominent Democratic official were present,
and laughingly requested to be handcuffed
together. Their request was complied with,
and the owner of the handcuffs took her
place in the minut.

It was all a great joke and very, very
amusing, but by the time the minut had
been running for half an hour the handcuffed
ones were ready to be released. But the
custodian of the key was not ready. She
was obstinate. To their entreaties she turned
a deaf ear. She was very brave. She had to
attend to the minut. They had been anx-
ious to be handcuffed. Surely they weren't
tired of each other's company so soon?

So she danced another half-hour, while the
unwilling couple put in their time hating
her, hating each other and hating themselves.
An hour. Wouldn't she please set them
free? No, indeed! They were her prisoners.
They appealed to the young lady's mother.
She was powerless. Her daughter had been
brought up modern fashion.

Then the young lady teased them. She
made ostentatious presence of going home.
She said the key was lost. She was very
much perturbed over the loss of the key; she
valued the key very highly. She searched
for it high and low. Wouldn't people please
help her to find her key. It would be so
dreadful if they had to stay handcuffed the
rest of their lives. They would have to go
to a blacksmith shop and have her beautiful
bracelets filed all to pieces. Why didn't
they mind their own business anyway and let
her bracelets be on her own wrists where they
belonged?

Finally, after about two hours of tenter-
hooks and anguish, the sly minut found the
key and set the suffering couple loose. But
the gossip said that a promising match
gipped in the bud. The lady and gentleman
got a fair idea of each other's disposition and
temper under provocation, which effectively
settled all thoughts of a further trial.—
Washington Post.

She Ruled the Roost.

Never did the heroine of a play receive
such sympathy from the spectators as was
accorded the leading lady of a little scene
enacted at the Leland Hotel in Chicago, was
a correspondent of the Minneapolis Journal.
During the afternoon an attractive couple
entered the hotel. The young man was
about 25 years of age. He appeared out of
place in the hostelry. The most showy fea-
ture of his attire was a huge white necktie.
The young lady was taller and more portly
than her companion, and possessed a very
ruddy complexion.

To a casual observer it was evident that
both were from the country and that they
were about to take part in an event of great
importance to them. The young man ap-
proached the clerk and said he wanted to register
—"Fred Hastings and friend."

Mr. Squires dipped his pen in ink, when
his guest exclaimed: "Hold on, you needn't
write that. You wait an hour and I'll write
that friend."

He ordered a cab and drove to the house
of a preacher, returning in about an hour.
"Now I'll register," he said, as he smiled
broadly, and wrote "Fred Hastings and
Wife," with a big W.

The newly married gentleman then joined
Mrs. Hastings in the reception room. He
was not seen again till about 6 o'clock, when
he skated across the rotunda like a man on
rollers. He was brimful of happiness, com-
bined with other good things. It seems that
he had surreptitiously crooked his elbow
many times during the afternoon, and the
last "geezer" was telling.

Standing in the center of the rotunda he
pulled a largewad of money from his in-
side pocket and declared he intended to
"blow" it all in. "This was Mrs. Hastings"
cue, and she emerged from the reception
room and walked straight to her hubby. In
silence she gazed fiercely at him for a few
seconds.

The spectators, and there were many, look-

A NEIGH

— is a native of Indiana, and Mr.—
genuine Buckeye. While at one of the
western hotels the little girl was sitting

the girl was quizzed by the natives. Her parents, however, naively and understandingly answered: "mamma is a Hoosier and my papa is a Scientist."

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